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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[THE SECRET POWER.]

DARCY'S CHILD;
OR,
THE DUKE'S CHOICE.
BY THE AUTHOR OF
"Dobil's Inheritance," "Evelyn's Plot," &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.

When thou, just entering in thy prime,
And woman's sense in thee combined
Greatly with childhood's simplest mind,
First taught my sighing soul torove
With hope towards the heaven of love.

On the very evening that had seen the gathering of the large party at Mont Aspen, which promised to commence a new era for the young heiress of Sir Ralph, a girl, fair Geraldine herself, though with very different adjuncts to the loveliness bestowed by nature, was anxiously looking from the door of a cottage on the Mont Aspen estate, scarcely a mile from the Court.

The home was certainly not deserving of any other name than the one we have bestowed on it, yet there was an elegance in its whole arrangements and *entourage* that gave it a very different aspect to other dwellings of the same size and pretensions.

The garden was a perfect though miniature "floral show," with exquisite taste presiding over the harmony of colours and the disposition of the beds and walks. The simple furniture of the large low rooms of the interior bore the same evidence of refinement. There was the trace of woman's elegant employments, and feminine ability devoted to its best uses, that of casting beauty and grace over the rudest and least costly appliances of household necessities.

The sole tenant of this small dwelling, at the moment upon which it is presented to the reader, was the unmistakable presiding genius of the scene.

She was tall and gracefully formed; her skin of the softest and most delicate creamy hue, her eyes deep gray, with very dark chestnut lashes, and hair of a rather lighter and more sunny tint.

But though her features were as nearly perfect in their moulding as aught but the most ideal imagining

could realise, the strange charm that riveted the eyes that looked on Rosalind Tyrell's face was the mingled sweetness and intellect that shone out from eyes and lips and sat on the fair, thoughtful brow.

Although she was dressed in a robe of the very simplest material, it would have been impossible to doubt that if not one of Fortune's she was one of Nature's own gentlewomen, who would bear comparison with the highest born of the gay party assembled within so short a distance of the cottage.

She looked anxiously from the door of the cottage, but in vain.

No step disturbed the silence, no figure broke the solitude, though it was long after the usual hour of her father's return; at length, weary of fruitless expectation, she stepped out and went to the gate of the pretty garden, standing as if in a frame of the green foliage which had been trained over the high, circular stonework.

Scarcely five minutes more elapsed ere the rustle of footsteps sounded gratefully upon her ears, and she was about to open the gate and rush out to meet the long-expected truant.

But the next instant she shrank timidly back, for, instead of her worn, middle-aged father, a young, handsome, and high-bred-looking man advanced towards her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, lifting his travelling-cap, and bowing as deferentially as if she had been in a palace; "but I have lost my way, and, catching sight of your chimney through the trees, I ventured to make a rather blundering stroll in its direction."

He stopped.

Perhaps he literally forgot what more he had to say in his study of the singular loveliness of the cottage girl, or else waited for her voice to guide him in his next question.

But Rosalind either would not or could not help him in his dilemma, she merely bent her head with an unconscious stateliness which yet more bewildered the stranger's comprehension.

"The fact is I have been too presumptuous," he

resumed, laughingly. "I fancied I was too good a localist ever to miss the course, and I insisted on sending my baggage to the Court, and walking from Ledbury through these beautiful woods, and as a punishment I am nearly benighted in the very park itself."

Rosalind could not repress a smile, but it quickly faded into her former dignified reserve as she replied:

"My father is principal huntsman to Lord Mont Aspen, and has evidently been detained by something, or he would have shown you the way to the house. But you can scarcely miss it if you keep on to the right till you see the lake, and then take the left-hand path, which will lead you direct to the terrace in front of the Court."

She drew slightly back into her garden, as a tacit intimation for him to go, but the gentle hint seemed lost on her visitor.

"Surely you are not alone?" he resumed, with what Rosalind's sensitive ears fancied was rather greater freedom of manner. "It is getting quite dusk, and your cottage appears very lonely."

"It is perfectly safe. My father is too well known here for any one to attempt the slightest injury to his daughter or his domain," she answered, coldly.

"Oh, I did not doubt that. Indeed there is a divinity that hedges beauty—as well as royalty—in its sacred halo," returned the young man. "But yet it has an attraction also that possesses no little danger in its way. However, I must not transgress my own precepts by intruding on your privacy, Miss—?"

"Tyrrell—Rosalind Tyrell," she said, perceiving that he paused, and being perfectly conscious that he could ascertain at any moment the information she vouchsafed, even if she ignored the appeal.

"And my name is Vyvian—Dudley Vyvian, with the very useless appendage of 'Lord' before it," he returned, smiling. "Now, having made this primitive introduction of ourselves to each other, I fear I must even tear myself from your little paradise here, lest I have not time to make myself presentable to a

more mundane scene. But I doubt not we shall meet again, Miss Tyrrell. *Au revoir.*"

With another profound bow, and a lingering glance that spoke even to the inexperienced girl of the intense admiration he felt, Lord Vyvian walked away in the direction she had indicated.

"Yes," he muttered as he sauntered along, "a paradise, and an Eve, I hope, that will not be totally inaccessible to temptation. What a creature! I shall never see any one to beat her at the Court—no, not the pretty widow nor the child-heiress can cap that queenly girl. What luck! and without the veriest shadow of a peccadillo on my part. Dudley Vyvian, thou not only seekest *les bonnes fortunes*, but they come unsought to thee. 'None but the brave deserve the fair' has more senses than the usual acceptance."

With a light laugh, the handsome young nobleman quickened his steps towards the house.

Rosalind Tyrell had meanwhile remained grave and thoughtful as her eyes involuntarily followed his retreating figure.

Was she fascinated by the momentary glimpse of a denizen of the gay world which was so hopelessly beyond her? or did the sudden consciousness of her own unprotected loneliness bring that thoughtful, reflective look over her face? It was but brief, however, for in a few moments she heard the firm, deliberate footsteps that betokened unmistakably her father's return, and she hastily brushed her hand over her brow as if to sweep away all traces of disturbance and met the greeting of her parent with a smile that Dudley Vyvian would have tried in vain to win.

"Dearest father, you are late, and you look so weary and tired," she said, passing her hand through the arm of the tall, spare man whom she thus addressed, and gently impelling him towards the cottage.

"I fancied I heard footsteps in the distance, Rosanna. Has any one been here?" he asked, suspiciously, as the girl fancied.

"Only some stranger on his way to the Court, father. He had lost himself, and came to ask his road."

The huntsman bent his eyes on the beautiful face of his child with a look of melancholy anxiety, but he merely ejaculated:

"Ah, yes—there is a large party assembling there to-day."

Then he relapsed into silence, and permitted Rosalind to offer him all the loving attentions which she was wont to lavish on him, but on this occasion they seemed to be at once more sedulous and less grateful to his feelings than usual.

The fragrant cup of tea, the newly laid eggs, the crisp toast made by her own delicate fingers, the pretty little rolls which she had herself moulded into shape were mixed with more substantial dishes for the tired wanderer's supper.

And Rosalind brought him easy slippers, worked by her own hands, and wheeled his chair near the fire, which a fresh autumn evening made acceptable, ere she herself sat down to dispense the meal.

Still the fine though worn features of Walter Tyrell did not relax from their grave thoughtfulness, and his child watched them with anxious though silent eagerness, till at length he seemed to wake to a sense of his own gloomy abstraction, and looked up at her with a tender though somewhat sad smile.

"Forgive me, my pet, if I was rather abrupt and rough but now. Heaven knows I ought to shelter my blossom from every breath of wind; yet, alas! alas! how helpless are the strongest of us!"

"But you have ever been my loving guardian, dear father," returned Rosalind, laying her soft fingers with a caressing pressure on his. "Who can have been happier than I have been? Did you not sacrifice all—all, even the poor comfort of your only child's presence, to give me the accomplishments you thought good for me? And now, what can I do enough to repay you for all your self-denying love?"

Tears sprang into the girl's beautiful eyes as she spoke, and even Tyrell's drier orbs were moistened by the very reflection of her emotion.

"Rosalind," he said, thoughtfully, after a pause, "you say rightly. I did think it well for you to receive the learning that your quick wit seemed to demand. And it has not wrought any mischief so far as you are concerned. You are simple and contented as ever. But yet—but yet I may have done you cruel wrong. Child, I scarcely realised till this moment how beautiful you are. What did this young sprig of fashion say to you?"

"He asked his way, father, and I told him."

"Nothing more?"

"He told me he was going to the Court, and that his name was Lord Dudley Vyvian. That was all."

"Should you regret it never to see him again?"

"I, father?"

A proud flush sparkled angrily in the girl's face that was the best answer to the question.

"There is my child—my own darling!" he said, exultingly. "Ah, Rosa, it might be that the spirit of a proud race is firing your young bosom, and—"

"Father, what are you talking of?" returned the young creature, with a girlish laugh. "One would think it was one of the grand guests at the Court to whom you were speaking, not your humbly born child."

"Girl, we have all a long descent, if we did but know it," he returned, evasively. "All date from the same epoch. What I mean, of course, was that. Would you like to be proved of noble ancestry, Rosa?"

"Yes, if it was unstained," she returned; "full of noble deeds and pure hearts. I would glory in that."

"And suppose the reverse," he said, anxiously. "Then I would rather be the daughter of an humble peasant," she said, firmly.

"Could you not brook disgrace?—would you cease to love any one with a clouded name?" he asked.

She did not reply; her head was drooping thoughtfully.

"Ah, I am answered," he said, sadly. "You could not love me if I were an accused, despised man, my child."

There was a suppressed agony in his tone, a wild, pleading misery in his look, that went to the girl's very heart. She sprang towards him, and cast her arms round his neck.

"Father, father! how can you talk so? You know I must ever love and cling to you to the very last hour of life. Whatever you did, wherever you might be, your Rosalind could never leave you—never cease to be your own trusting child."

"You would believe me, even if appearances—if the world's voice condemned me, Rosa?"

"Tell you told me yourself it was true I would believe no harm of my father," she answered, firmly. "But why talk thus, father dear? It is not well to jest on such subjects. As if you could ever have done one thing to be ashamed of in your nobly useful life."

He gazed sadly at her, and seemed to hesitate as to his next sentence.

It was hard to destroy one iota of a faith so strong and pure in one he loved as his very soul.

But Walter Tyrell was no common or weak character, and he felt that it would be wiser and more generous to warn that fair young creature of what might yet be in store for her.

"Listen, my Rosa," he said, gently untwining her arms and placing her in a chair at his side. "I thank you from my very heart for your faith in me, and perhaps it is not altogether misplaced. But yet I dare not deceive you, Rosa. I have not been stainless. I have erred deeply—dangerously, and, what is even worse, I am under the charge of yet blacker crimes than your young heart could conceive."

"But you are innocent—innocent! Only say so, and I will neveradden you by another doubt or question!" she exclaimed, impetuously.

"Yes, Rosa. So far I can ease your fears. I am not the sinful man that some would make me. But still, it will be hard—very hard if you should bear the dark shadow of what concerns you not—if you should be scorned and suffering, when you deserve no breath of anguish but praise and homage, and all for my sake."

"What concerns you concerns me, my father. Am I not of your blood—your own daughter? and shall I not share all that belongs to you?"

A spasm of painful doubt, almost of remorse, shaded Tyrell's face as she spoke.

He seemed to struggle under some inward conflict that at last subsided into a calmer conviction.

"Well, Rosa, be it so, if you will. It perhaps will lighten your burden as well as mine to think so, and I will not seek, as yet, to shake your sweet trust. But it is but fair to warn you that it may be tried, and perhaps ere very long. There is danger in the distance—it may be in the very present, Rosalind."

She turned white for a moment or two, even the warm bloom that so delicately coloured her soft cheek faded and left it colourless; but the light still shone out in her bright eyes, and she replied, firmly:

"I will be ready, father. But may I not know from what quarter you are threatened?"

"I can explain myself but vaguely, my child. It is enough that by a strange coincidence I have seen, though without, as I believe, being myself observed, two men from whom I expect nothing but persecution and harshness, and I am at their mercy if they choose to enforce it."

Rosalind trembled. She could not repress the shiver which the idea of this vague and unseen peril sent like ice through her veins.

"Can you not go away, father?"

"My child, it is the most fatal course I could adopt. Lord Mont Aspen is an exceptionally libera-

man to me. He has a sort of craze for the hunt, and he believes he can fully trust me to carry out his every fancy as successfully as any man in England. It is from that generosity that I have been able to give you the advantages you spoke of but now. He has just assembled a large party for the batines and the hunt. If I were to desert him it would be an act of suicidal and base ingratitude at such a moment."

"But if it must be, anything is better than the risk you spoke of," she said, timidly.

"It may not exist," he replied, more cheerfully. "It is possible that I am more quick-sighted and more alarmed than is necessary, and it is, after all, but for a short time that these enemies may be near to me. These visits never last long, and should I escape I may consider myself in more safety than for many a long year, only I would not have your nerves cruelly shattered by any sudden shock, and it is for that reason I have given you these hints to-night. Cheer up, my darling; all may yet be well."

She did try to give him one of her own bright smiles, but it was a sad, wintry imitation, and she was fair to hide her face in his bosom, and whisper, in low, distinct accents:

"Father, be at rest. I will be your own true girl. I will not disgrace or harass you by any weakness."

Then Walter Tyrell resumed:

"One more warning, dear child, and I have done. You spoke of this Lord Dudley Vyvian. I am grieved that he or any of the gay party should have spied out my jewel, my rose of the whole county. Be cautious, love. Do not be far from your own home while this party is assembled at the Court, and resolutely refuse any admission on any pretext to the cottage. It is not that you are not worthy of the highest and the noblest, ay—and their equal, it may be, too, my child. Still that is not considered by these gay, thoughtless rouds, and my darling Rosa might be insulted, though I fear nothing worse for you, dear one. I would trust my daughter in a very furnace of the world's temptation," he added, proudly.

She raised her face, all flaming with the rich crimson blood which tides through her every pulse.

"They would be beneath contempt. They dare not at their peril," she answered, looking like that Rebecca who despised the Templar's unhallowed suit.

"I am satisfied. Now let us dismiss these painful topics, and you shall read to me, Rosalind, some of the spirit-stirring idylls that warm one's very heart."

The girl opened the "Holy Grail" of Tennyson, and her clear voice at last seemed to soothe the dark spirit that had seized on her father's breast.

CHAPTER VI.

I shrink from what is offered. Let him speak
Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,
Or seen my mind's convulsions leave it weak.

SIR RALPH DARCY had stood motionless at the very entrance of his chamber when he returned to it after his midnight interview with Lady Beatrice, and when the vision of that unexpected and strange visitor had suddenly burst on his astonished eyes.

"You here! What has possessed you, Sandy?" came at length slowly and mechanically from between his firmly closed lips.

"Better come in, Sir Ralph, and sit down. It is not very safe to stand at that distance, and with an unfastened door," replied the intruder, who still retained the chair he had taken near the fire-place. "If you had taken the precaution to lock the door when you went out I should not have been able to fathom some, at least, of your secrets so easily."

The baronet's face was livid with rage; but he knew full well all that hung on the preservation of his calmness during the impending interview, and he quickly turned the key in the door and put it in his pocket ere he approached the strange nocturnal visitor.

"Sanders, you know that insolence will not advance your interests, whatever you may have to say to me," he said, with an assumption of dignified composure. "It is a flagrant breach of every propriety for you to dare such an intrusion; but, as it is, tell me your errand and begone."

"It's your own fault, Sir Ralph. If you had been in your bed, like other people, and your door fastened, as I told you before, I could not, if I would, have got in without a row. But I happened to know, through a friend, where your rooms are, and I thought I'd just give you a look to see what would be the best thing to be done. I found the door open, and the bird flew to another nest—there, don't colour up! I've nothing to say in the matter, and it's only what concerns me that I ever meddle with."

"Where do you come from? What brought you here, after all my liberality to you?" asked Sir Ralph, hoarsely.

"I went abroad, speculated, lost my fairly earned

gains, and came back to the old country. Sir Ralph. How I came here is very simple. I have taken charge of Lady Greville's establishment, so far as the horses and the dogs, etc., are concerned, while away from her husband who is in foreign parts. I came here in her service, with her hunter and her carriage, just as a superintendent and courier, you see, Sir Ralph."

"Why should you bother me then? Why dare even to remember my name?" asked the baronet, angrily.

"It would be bad policy not to do either, Sir Ralph. You and yours were the longest masters I ever had, and, as I have a grasp that clings naturally when it once takes hold, I shan't let go in a hurry of my old patrons. It's quite natural to us north-countrymen, wherever we go. We are like the mountains in our country, and never stir from our real friends—like yourself, eh, my good sir?"

"But all is past and done, long years ago," resumed the baronet. "Your fancies and doings are nothing to me, my good fellow. You were amply pensioned off, in consideration of your services to my family, and it is no fault of mine if you have been foolish enough to lose the money I gave you at great inconvenience to myself."

"Perhaps not, Sir Ralph; but then, you see, when a fellow is in misfortune, he naturally turns to his old friends for assistance, and it seemed quite a lucky providence my falling in with you here."

"You dare to talk in that style to me, fellow," retorted Sir Ralph, angrily, "as if I were an equal, or a debtor of yours in any respect! Besides, you cannot be in any need, while you are in good service at a liberal salary. If you were I would not grudge you a ten-pound-note, for the sake of your long services."

"Ten pounds!" repeated the man, scornfully. "Ten pounds would do very little for me, Sir Ralph. It will take a good many 'teas' to make me—or you—all safe."

"I do not understand you," returned the baronet, coldly. "I know nothing whatever of your affairs, and it cannot concern me for you to be 'all safe,' as you call it. For myself, I neither require nor will I pay for any imaginary claims on your part."

"Then I know some one else who will," returned Sanders, coolly.

"It is false. There is no one else who has any interest in the matter," exclaimed the baronet, fiercely.

"Not your next heir, Sir Ralph?"

"My next heiress is my daughter. Fool that you are, you perhaps do not know that the entail is now cut off in her favour, and that, though the title will be in abeyance, I have almost a promise that it would be renewed in the event of her having a son who might wish to claim it. You are speaking without book, Master Sanders, when you wish to threaten me."

"I fancy it is you who are speaking without book, Sir Ralph. Where is Mr. Marcus?"

"Dead—these ten years. I had the tidings from a reliable source."

"Did you pay for them, Sir Ralph?"

The baronet made an impatient gesture, and the words "Insolent scoundrel!" escaped between his lips.

"Listen, Sir Ralph. I am an honest man so far as this—I never demand money except for real, bona fide services. And when I tell you that you must fork out what I want, or else expect me to take my information to the best bidder, I have something that is of real market value. In the first place, you know perfectly well that I could prove you were present at the Grange on that memorable night."

"And I paid you what you demanded, though the fact was worth a mere nothing," returned the baronet, impatiently.

"Granted. But suppose that is so, I have that in my possession which is worth alike your title and estates, and I will not give it up, except for liberal terms. Listen."

He stooped forward and whispered some words in the gentleman's ear that made Sir Ralph's face turn ashen, though he sternly maintained outward composure.

"Fool! Is that all? Why, after these years it would lead to nothing—absolutely nothing, especially when the parties chiefly interested are dead."

"He is not dead, Sir Ralph."

"I know better. I am not quite so easily bamboozled," returned the baronet, with a forced laugh.

"Marcus Darcy was mouldering in the dust long years since."

"He is living, and I have seen him within the last month—ay, perhaps we will say within the last week. What think you of that, Sir Ralph?"

"Man, it is a falsehood!" returned the baronet, hoarsely. "I heard of his death from a sure source as yours."

"You can believe it or not, as you like, Sir Ralph. It makes very little difference to me. I am positive of what I assert. I played with you and him too when you were children and I was but a stripling. I

could scarcely mistake a Darcy. I would be sorry for you and the family name to come to open shame, otherwise I could easily go and take my news to the best bidder. Depend on it, Mr. Marcus would scarcely think half his wealth too great to be certain of what is in my power to prove."

"Do you mean to say that you are willing to sell to me for a reasonable sum anything for which you could gain as much again from him? I have no faith in such assertions, Sanders. I know human nature too well."

"You are about right, to judge others by yourself,

Sir Ralph," returned the man, coolly placing himself on a chair near his patron. "But then I have two very good reasons for acting in this manner. In the first place I can get what I want at once from you, and I should have to wait some time for him, which would not suit me, especially as Lady Greville may not remain very long in England; next, I owe Mr. Marcus more than one deep grudge for his treatment of me; and, lastly, I have a sort of old-fashioned reverence for the ancient name. It would make a nice shiny scandal if it were to come out that two of the family were nothing better than rascals, for whom hanging would be too good."

"What do you want?" at length ejaculated Sir Ralph.

"Five hundred down and an I O U for another when I may want it. That won't be for this year, perhaps not next. But it's pleasant to have something waiting for you in your old age. Will that suit, Sir Ralph?"

"It is extortioneer, in addition to what you had before."

"It is a very cheap bargain for the estates of Darcy, to say nothing of the other little liability from which you are saved."

"Where is the person whom you believe to be Marcus Darcy?" asked Sir Ralph.

"That would be a secret for another bargain," sneered the man. "Better let it alone, Sir Ralph. He has not the least notion of troubling you, nor does he know the little secret I confided to you just now. Let him live and die in peace, that's my advice."

"Suppose I were disposed to pay handsomely for having all made secure? For instance, to arrange so that he could never be thrown in my teeth again, and allow me to feel that my daughter is thoroughly secure in her rights—what then?"

"Do you wish him murdered, Sir Ralph?" said Sanders, in a hissing whisper.

"No, no! In Heaven's name, no!" returned the baronet, shuddering. "But there are other ways. For instance, if he were to be induced to leave the country, we will say for the Antipodes; I would give a handsome reward, Sanders, enough to make you independent for life."

"It's a difficult business, well-nigh an impossible," returned the man, shaking his head. "In a country like England such things are no joke. One might get one's-self into Limbo for life, at the very least; then, you know, there is that other little encumbrance—the secret which I alluded to just now."

Sir Ralph glanced deprecatingly at the cool speaker.

"Hush, Sanders, hush! Walls are scarcely safe in such matters. Tell me, does any one else suspect what you told me—I mean, has Perkins any idea of it, or Mrs. Franklyn?"

"None in the world, Sir Ralph. It was quite an accident that brought it to my knowledge, and I was far too wary to share my little mine of fortune with any one else."

"But why did you keep it so long? Why did you not use it at the time?" returned Sir Ralph, suspiciously.

"Because I did not think it was worth so much. The little difficulty it creates would have been far more easily got rid of than that now. It is a certain fact, I assure you, Sir Ralph, and I would engage to prove it in any court in Christendom, if you force me to it."

"No, no, no!" reiterated the baronet, hurriedly; "I will not. I was only considering what would be best for our mutual advantage, Sanders. Surely a man as daring and as inventive as yourself can devise some means of accomplishing what I want. Consider the advantages—a competence for life, remember."

"It's not to be despised. But let me understand clearly what you want for it," returned Sanders, meditating. "I'll not put my neck in danger for gold, whatever my betters may do," he added, with a significant nod.

Sir Ralph bent towards him so low that he could speak in whispers perfectly inaudible to any one even in the same apartment; then, after a few minutes of this earnest communication, there was a dead silence in the chamber. Sanders seemed to be reflecting deeply as he replied to the proposal.

Even when he did at length raise his eyes to meet

Sir Ralph's anxious look he was evidently perplexed and doubtful.

"I'll take a night to think it over, Sir Ralph, and let you know my decision to-morrow. It's far too serious a thing to be undertaken without arranging one's plans and counting the cost, as you may say. I've no objection to a pleasant, snug borth and ease for life; but then I won't run foolish risks when I can get as much as I absolutely require without. You shall see me again to-morrow night, with my plans all concocted."

"But if you were discovered! You might be observed!" said Sir Ralph, timidly.

"No fear. Look here, Sir Ralph." He rose and went to an admirably concealed sliding panel, which was covered with part of the bordered paper of the room, and, drawing it aside, he stepped through into a long, narrow passage that skirted the suite of rooms, and disappeared in the darkness.

CHAPTER VII.

Years were days when here she strayed,
Days were moments near her;
Heaven ne'er formed a brighter maid,
Nor pity wept a dearer.

"Miss Darcy, I shall claim your promise to-day," said the Duke of St. Maur as the party rose from breakfast on the following morning. "Sir Ralph has given permission for you to ride my pretty Zuleika to the meet this morning. Will you trust yourself to my care?"

Geraldine's soft eyes glanced timidly from beneath the snowy-capping lids, and they certainly betrayed no great distrust or reluctance.

"If your wishes it," she murmured, softly. "But I am so foolish. I am very soon frightened if a horse is at all restive."

"I will answer for Zuleika's good behaviour, except under most extraordinary circumstances," he replied, "and rely on it I will not leave your side, Miss Darcy, till you are in perfect safety."

"But shall you not join the hunt?" she asked.

"Certainly not. I have declined both hunting and shooting parties for the day," he replied, smiling. "I am almost weary of all these stereotyped amusements. I quite envy you the novelty of everything you see."

"But all that is new is strange and makes me afraid," she answered. "I like what I know and can count upon. You will think me very foolish, will you not?" she added, looking up confidently in the duke's face.

"I will not tell you what I think," he replied, earnestly. "But at any rate you will make a trial of this new scene and new friend, will you not? It shall not be my fault if you do not feel quite accustomed to both before you return."

"You are so very, very kind," she murmured.

The duke was perfectly content. It was at any rate a novelty to find any one so purely naive and untutored, and for the moment he could not conceive anything more enchanting than to guide her and guard her for the day, or for life.

She looked very lovely when she descended on to the wide terrace, where they were to mount.

Her soft, snowy complexion and fair hair were dazzling in contrast with the black hat and blue feathers, and her dark habit was relieved by a blue rosette and the little bouquet of lilles the duke had laid on her plate at breakfast. If it was coquettish flattery it was most unconscious, and Clinton St. Maur comprehended its innocence. Sir Ralph gave her with bland courtesy into the duke's care ere they started on their gay expedition.

"Lady Greville has undertaken to chaperone her, duke," he said, "but I shall feel more easy about her if you will take Geraldine under your especial charge, more particularly as you are so well acquainted with the horse she is going to ride."

St. Maur gladly accepted so light and pleasant a duty.

Zuleika was irreproachable, and the fair young equestrian was graceful if not fearless in her management. Ere long she became perfectly at ease with both the horse and her companion, and chatted on the girlish topics he suggested as gaily and glibly as a child till they reached the spot where the hounds were to throw off, and Reynard gave promise of making an excellent day's sport.

It was an exciting scene. The brilliant hunting attire of the sportsmen, the crowd of equestrians and carriages, the animated dogs, to whom the hour appeared as spirit-stirring as to their master, were all at once new and bewilderingly gay to the young novice, and the duke watched her pretty smiles and delicate flushed cheeks with admiring amusement.

"You do not repent coming?" he said as the cry at last rose, and the hounds and huntsmen led the way in pursuit.

"Oh, no, no! I am delighted, and so glad that it is a fox they are going to hunt and not a stag," she replied.

"Then you have no sympathy for the robber of the poultry yards," laughed his grace; "but for the innocent. Is that it, Miss Darcy?"

"Oh, I do not say that," she replied. "In real life I think the guilty are the most to be pitied, because they must be so wretched. But whither are they gone now?" she continued, with childlike interest.

"Would you like to get a glimpse of them in full cry?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, so much; it is such a brilliant scene," she replied.

"Then if we ride round by yonder wood we shall most likely see them," he returned. "I feel sure they will take that way, because Lord Dudley laughingly declared the shooting party would perhaps get the honour of the brush. It will only be a little way round, if Lady Greville has no objection."

The "temporary" widow was at the moment very well amused with an animated flirtation, and readily gave her assent to a prolongation of the ride, whereupon the quartette set off at a brisk canter that soon brought them to the nearest entrance of the forest-like glades of the Conigre Woods.

Geraldine's eyes sparkled with delight as she gazed at the luxuriant foliage of the forest-like plantation.

"Oh, how very, very beautiful!" she exclaimed. "Where we live there is not even the ghost of such splendid trees. We have only mountainous and lakes, and a few little shrubs, for they are not worthy of any other name."

"Would you like to walk in those shaded paths, Miss Darcy?" asked the duke.

"Oh, so much, if I might."

"It is easily managed," he said, beckoning to one of the grooms. "Lady Greville, are you inclined for the stroll?"

The little ambassador shrugged her shoulders.

"Thank you, it is too much trouble, duke. But Mr. Austrather and I will wait here for you with exemplary patience, if you and Miss Darcy like to play Dryads for a few minutes. I daresay they will be round soon."

The offer was accepted.

The bridles of the horses were thrown to the grooms, and Clinton lifted Geraldine from her saddle as easily as if she were a child.

"We will not tax your patience," he said. "I do not even hear a sound of the dogs; so I expect we shall return long before they come by."

In a few minutes they were lost in the gloomy recesses of the magnificent forest.

"Did you not fancy you saw some one cross that path, your grace?" asked Geraldine as they took a brief winding turn that led to a somewhat wider fissure in the closing trees.

"I did think some white figure flitted along the narrow lane," he replied; "but we were so distant at the time, and my sight is rather short. What was it like?"

"It was a woman, and, I thought, very light and graceful," returned Geraldine. "And she had such splendid hair, without any hat on her head."

"Some pretty peasant, I suppose," returned Clinton, carelessly. "Suppose we go to that break, which, I should think, is about the centre of the wood, from the kind of clearing it appears to have undergone, then return to meet the hounds."

Geraldine was of course submissive, and they walked on in silence.

Each felt the gloom and silence somewhat oppressive, and had no inclination or spirits for words.

"I thought I heard voices," Geraldine exclaimed. "Surely the horses could not attempt to get into this thick covert. Would the fox come?" she asked, timidly.

The duke looked rather anxiously round. Not that he entered into Geraldine's fears about the hunt; but it did just occur to him when too late that it was no unlikely spot for the shooting party that had started early in the morning with the avowed intention of a regular hard day's scour of the country.

"Sball we return now, Miss Darcy?" he said, offering his arm.

But ere she could put her hand in his, or prepare to reverse her course, the sharp reports of firearms were heard, and the next instant Geraldine had fallen in Clinton's arms, fainting and deathlike, though he could scarcely determine whether she was hurt or not.

There had been a sharp cry at the same moment—a rush—a noise of alarmed surprise, but all too instantaneous and confused for him to comprehend clearly whence it came, or how far it was connected with his insensible charge.

But the next instant Lord Dudley Vyvian, followed by another of the guests, came in sight, half-leading, half-supporting the form of a young girl completely

answering to Geraldine's vague description of a moment before.

"Good Heavens, St. Maur, is it you? and Miss Darcy, too? What on earth could induce you to run into the very jaws of danger?" exclaimed Lord Dudley. "Is she hurt? But no, that is impossible, thanks to this young lady's heroism."

The duke looked at the girl thus alluded to, who upon the instant rallied by a strong effort from her passing stunned faintness, and freed herself impatiently from her companion's support.

Even in the midst of his fascination for the lovely Undine in his arms, Clinton could not but confess the rare and elevated beauty of the simply attired creature who came forward to Geraldine's assistance, with an unconscious grace of manner all unlike the "pretty peasant" her dress betokened her to be.

"She is only frightened. Had you not better place her on that turf for a few moments? I will fetch some water from our cottage," she said, in the sweetest of musical voices, at the same time taking off the cloak she wore and making of it an *impromptu* pillow for the invalid.

She glided off ere they could arrest her footsteps. "Good Heavens! she is hurt—look, there is blood!" cried the duke, in horror, as they arranged it under Geraldine's head and shoulders.

"There is blood, but not Miss Darcy's," returned Lord Dudley, after a moment's careful examination of their charge's dress. "It is that brave girl's, yet she has gone off and never attended to her own injuries."

"But how—what was it?" asked Clinton, still unable to reassure himself as to Geraldine's comparative safety.

"Why, no one in their senses, unless crazed by love or wine, would have come in a wood where fellows were likely to be shooting," returned Lord Dudley, contemptuously. "You might have killed one if not two pretty girls by your folly, St. Maur. How was it?" Why, naturally enough.

"I saw a pheasant start, I suppose roused by the rustle of your steps, and put my hand of course on the trigger, when, in a twinkling, something very like a spirit sprang forward, beat aside the gun, and diverted the charge from coming full in Miss Darcy's chest, I expect at the risk of her own."

He had scarcely finished speaking when the light but somewhat slower steps of the young girl of whom he was talking were heard, and in a few moments her white face and graceful figure came full in view.

Clinton could perceive that one arm hung by her side, and that she had rolled a bandage hastily round it during her brief absence; but she did not even appear to be conscious of anything but the fainting Geraldine as she came up to them.

"There is a little brandy," she said, "which had been luckily left out by my father, and water. Perhaps you had better try to get her to swallow some, sir," she added, turning to Clinton.

He took the small flask from her fingers with an involuntary pressure of the hand that had so bravely saved a life.

But there was a red stain on their snowy whiteness, and, glancing from them to the folds she had hastily wrapped round her left arm, he perceived that blood was slowly welling through the linen.

In spite of her heroism, both cheeks and lips were rapidly whitening. The girl was but too certainly severely wounded.

(To be continued.)

TO YOUNG MEN—LIVE HONESTLY.

EVERY young man, as he enters upon life, should take an account with himself, and decide in his own mind upon the course which he will pursue. He should ask himself, "Will I enter upon a course in which I can render a fair equivalent for everything that I obtain? Or will I enter upon a course in which, for the things that I receive, I shall render an equivalent where I must, and palm off empty appearances where I can?" It is a glorious ambition, a manly purpose, with which a person begins life when he goes forth saying, "I mean to make my fortune, to be sure, and to pluck honour from the highest boughs of the tree of life; but I am determined not to go one step in honour or wealth or power that is not a real step. What I have I will pay for. I will not take anything without giving a fair equivalent for it." And what a contrast there is between this and the ambition and purpose of those who set out in life with a determination to make their fortune and gain honour at all hazards, by whatever means it may be necessary to employ, and without regard to whether they render an equivalent for that which they receive or not!

A young man, delicately reared, is sent into life, and he goes into a shop where he finds many companions, and where, unfortunately, the strongest-minded men are not the sweetest-hearted. And all around about him the conversation is low; the allusions are coarse, the expressions are vulgar.

The things that in home life he never dared to shape into words, or hints even, are freely handled for the purpose of exciting laughter. Now, under such circumstances, a man may lose sensibility to these things. At first he is shocked and sick. I have known persons of an organization so delicate that this violence done to their moral and social feelings amounted to absolute sickness of body. But that cannot continue. In the course of a month a young man will get used to obscenity in one of two ways. If he sets his heart against it; if he calls the memory of all that he loves to his help; if his whole conscience bears witness; if he makes a covenant with his lips, and sets his heart to watch over his issues, then little by little he will come to a state in which he will hear obscene talk as though he did not hear it. And he comes out better than he went in, although he suffers loss by the outward contact of corruption than in the beginning. He has carried himself in such a way with reference to it that it has worked out in him moral purity.

I was called once to a consultation in reference to a young man belonging to a large establishment, who was detected in some criminal act; and in a confidential interview that I had with him he told me that it was not because he was in need that he yielded to the temptation, but because he wanted property. His dishonesty was simply the result of avarice. And if a young man abuses his trust and is dishonest there is not word to be said in his justification.

There are temptations to dishonesty, then, that spring from extravagance. Our society is very vicious in its whole structure in this regard. We make no provision for the respectability of people who are in humble circumstances. We hold out inducements to them to live beyond their means.

Young people want to begin farther along than they are able to. They want to keep house as twenty years of successful and fruitful industry have enabled other men to do it. They measure everything by the pattern of somebody else.

There are many young men who have enough to support them; but that is not all that they want. They have had companions with whom they associate. These companions are not very temperate. They smoke; and so, of course, they drink. I do not mean that among all men that smoke drinking is a handmaid vice; but I say that smoking leads, or tends to lead, to the other vice. And smoking and drinking are very expensive.

Young men are very apt to reason the question of dishonesty with themselves, and to justify themselves by the examples which they see round about them of men who stand eminent, trusted, and of good reputation, and who yet do dishonest things. A young man is apt to say, "It is no worse for me to follow such and such courses than it is for others; and many that do follow them stand high, and are prospered and respected."

I will admit that there are many men who stand high, and for a time have a certain kind of respectability and prosperity, though they do dishonest things; but I say this: You cannot afford to be like them. There is nothing else in this world that is of so much consequence to you as that you should keep peace with your own self. Blessed be the man that can say, as the apostle did, "I trust that I have a good conscience." Blessed be the man that has lived till he is thirty years of age, and can say, "I have a good conscience;" that is, "I never willingly do anything that violates my conscience. It is my purpose to live at peace with my conscience."

A man cannot afford to throw away the blessing of a good conscience. And it makes no difference that your neighbour is prospering by dishonesty, and people have not found him out. If you are dishonest you know it yourself, and that is enough. And there ought to be a principle of honour with every young man that should lead him to say, "Even if no one could see me when I did wrong, I should see myself, and self-respect and manhood require that I should do right."

H. W. B.

THE 7th Dragoon Guards are expected to occupy the barracks at Norwich and Ipswich during the coming winter.

THE HAMPTON HEATH ACT.—The local Act has just been issued to transfer to the Metropolitan Board of Works the open space known as Hampton Heath, and to preserve, improve, and regulate the same. The Board is to pay 45,000*£*, the purchase money, on which Sir John Maryon Wilson, and Mr. Spencer Maryon Wilson are to execute a conveyance. The money is to be paid at the expiration of three months from the passing of the Act on the 29th June. The Heath is to be kept open, and the Board is not to sell or in any manner dispose of any part of the Heath, nor to cut the turf, or sell the gravel, &c. The Heath may be drained, with power to make roads, and otherwise to effect improvements for the public benefit.



[WALKING TO HER DOOM.]

CLARE ORMOND.

CHAPTER XL.

THE two gentlemen first went to a magistrate's office, taking Beal with them; there a formal deposition was made, and three warrants issued for the arrest of Spiers and his son, as well as Claudia Coyle.

A policeman took up his watch in the apartment of the sick man, while two others, it was arranged, should accompany the party to Riverdale, and, if possible, secure their quarry before it was warned of the danger that menaced it.

Mr. Ormond went with Beal himself to the house of his mother, and took possession of the elixir prepared by Spiers. This was sealed in a box, and delivered to the magistrate, to be produced when necessary. By eleven o'clock all was in readiness for their departure, and with a jubilant heart, Mr. Clifford ploughed her way towards the bourne they were now so anxious to gain.

But the hearts of the parents were heavy with dread, which they would not express lest one mightadden the other. There was a dark presentiment that all would not be found well with Clare, though neither could have explained why they each mistrusted the assurances of Mr. Clifford that no danger could reach her, guarded as she was by the watchful love of Jasper and the constant presence of Judith Brooke.

Clare was ill—half-distranght with fear and remorse; they had discovered from Mr. Clifford that it was doubtful if she understood him when he tried to explain to her that the drops she had given her aunt had been analysed and nothing injurious found in them; and if Spiers or his accomplice could find means to approach her, they would work on her fears till she might consent to any course that would save her from the disgrace and horror of a public trial. Both Mr. Ormond and his wife knew Clare to be impulsive, easily wrought on, and from childhood there had been a dash of recklessness in her temper, when driven to bay, which had sometimes been evinced even under her mother's loving rule, and they could not rid themselves of the dreary weight of apprehension that oppressed them.

The day was charming, the scenery lovely, and the associations connected with different points on the river thrilling or romantic; but all had lost its charm for hearts occupied only with their own fears for the safety of one who was indeed in deep peril—who, unconscious that deliverance was on its way to

her, was despairingly giving herself up to the fate she dreaded far more than death, yet which she believed she could not evade.

Clare passed the day which followed her interview with Claudia in a state of mind bordering so nearly on delirium that she could scarcely be considered responsible for any act she might commit.

The blackness of darkness seemed to have settled over her life, which more than once she was tempted to take. But she had been too religiously reared not to shrink from the thought of self-destruction, and she despairingly reflected:

"The end will come soon enough without using violence towards myself. Since I must give myself to that dreadful man, or suffer even a worse fate than to become his wife, I will go on in the path appointed me, hoping that my trial will be brief. Heaven will have mercy, and let my poor heart speedily break under the load it will have to bear."

When Judith awoke in the morning, she felt self-condemned that she had been untrue to the trust she had undertaken. She could not understand how she had fallen asleep, or why she had been so overcome with drowsiness as to be oblivious of her charge for so many hours. She suspected that there had been foul play, and she questioned Clare closely as to what had happened during the night.

Her replies were so strange and irrelevant that Judith could glean nothing satisfactory from them, and she reluctantly came to the conclusion that the mind of her patient was less clear than on the previous day. She was also more feverish, and when Jasper came up to see her after the morning meal was over he was so much alarmed by her condition that he prohibited much talking, and himself administered a sedative, which he hoped would allay the nervous irritation from which she was evidently suffering.

He sat with her during the greater part of the morning, reading aloud to her, in the hope that the monotonous sound would lull her into slumber. She lay so still that he was deceived into thinking that she slept, whereas she only lay perfectly quiet, with her arm thrown up in such a position that she could gaze from beneath it upon the dear face she believed she was looking on for the last time; for see him after she became the property of John Spiers she had made up her mind she never would.

When he at last arose softly, and was about to summon Lyra to sit with her till Miss Brooke returned, she lifted her arm and faintly said:

"Kiss me before you go, Jasper. You are so good to me that I wish to make the only return I can for all your kindness."

"The only return, my darling? A kiss from you

is a great delight, but the love of which it is the sign and symbol is a far more precious possession."

"It is yours, Jasper. Let what will happen, remember that I love you, and you alone; that I will never cease to love you while my brief span of life lasts. I shall not live long, dearest. When I am gone you will forgive all—all—"

Her voice sank suddenly, as if courage and hope had both deserted her, though she was in the arms of her lover, and her head lay upon his breast.

"You must not speak in this way, Clare. You are in no real danger. Only be calm and hopeful and you will soon be strong and bright as ever."

She burst into a violent passion of weeping, and at intervals sobbed:

"Oh, Jasper! I am doomed! doomed! Nothing can help me now. But when all is over you will pity me; you will come to my grave and shed a few tears over it."

She was trembling violently, and, fearful of exciting her still more, dreading the effect of such extreme agitation on the mind that had never been perfectly clear since the night that cruel letter reached her. Jasper replaced her on her pillows and tenderly said:

"You must not talk in this gloomy way, Clare. I came to you this morning in the hope that you would be composed enough to understand something I have to explain to you. But I find you more nervous and less able to control yourself than heretofore. Believe me, darling, when I assure you that our future is bright—that you have nothing to fear."

Clare seemed scarcely to heed his words. With a faint, weary sigh, she said:

"Good-bye, Jasper. Leave me now, for I must rest. I—I have a great deal before me, and I must gather my strength for—for—it doesn't matter what, but something that I have to do."

She spoke so strangely that he thought her mind wandered; but for that he would have explained to her the precautions his father and himself had taken to prove to the world that the elixir she had given her aunt was simply coloured water with a few grains of soda dissolved in it.

Mr. Clifford had already told her this, but she was delirious at the time, and there was no memory of it in her half-dazed mind now. The one awful horror that was crushing her down, and bringing her surely within the grasp of John Spiers, was the belief that she was really guilty of the crime of which Claudia had accused her. If Jasper had spoken then she would have been turned from the fearful step she was about to take to save herself, as she believed, from the punishment of the deed she had so innocently committed.

The picture Claudia had sketched of herself, arraigned as a murderer before a crowd of curious or jeering spectators, was ever before her mental vision, and in her childish desperation she was ready to do anything, however repugnant, to save herself from such a fate as that.

Jasper made the mistake so often committed by those in charge of invalids more sick at heart than suffering from physical causes. Fearful of exciting her too much if he spoke of the charge that could be so easily refuted, he thought it best to soothe her by the assurance so often given her in vain that she was quite safe and their future unclouded.

That was told her only to keep her quiet, she thought; they hoped to save her, but after what Claudia had said there was no chance for that. John Spiers held her fate in his hands, and he would be ruthless if she did not win his forbearance by the sacrifice of herself to the wild passion she believed he felt for her.

Before Jasper came to her Clare had insisted on being dressed and placed on a wide sofa between the two front windows. Her malady was mental, and her physical strength had not materially declined, so she knew that when the time for action arrived she would have the power to fulfil her promise to Claudia, to drag herself to the arbour and accept the doom which was more dreadful to her than death itself.

When Jasper left her Judith came up; but to all her efforts to cheer her or draw her into conversation Clare only replied by an impatient movement, and at last almost fretfully said:

"Please excuse me, Judith; my head is in a whirl, and my heart is half-broken. Just let me alone, if you really care for me. I must try to quiet myself for what lies before me."

Miss Brooke imagined she referred to the arrival of her mother, and, like Jasper, she thought it best to humour the sick girl and keep her quiet at all hazards. She found a book that was suitable to read aloud, and her voice exerted a more soothing effect than that of Jasper, for Clare fell asleep and did not wake till after luncheon was over.

Lyra brought her up tea and toast and a broiled bird, and, remembering that she must not faint from lack of food before the purpose now fully matured in her mind was accomplished, Clare forced herself to eat, though every morsel seemed to choke her.

Claudia had not yet appeared below stairs, but when luncheon was over she came down with her hat on and a parasol in her hand, and said to Miss Brooke as she passed her in the hall:

"I have an engagement for this afternoon which will detain me till after Mrs. Ormond arrives. When I return I will speak to her, and I think she will be more just to me than you have been, Miss Brooke."

"I have nothing farther to say to you on any subject, Miss Coyle," said Judith, drawing herself haughtily aside. "Since you are going, I think it will be best for you and for those you leave behind that you should never return here at all."

Claudia flashed a single glance of hatred and defiance upon her, but the next moment she was tranquil as usual, and, with a cruel smile, replied:

"I do not quite agree with you. Before I go, I owe a duty to myself which can only be performed here. I shall come back to see Mrs. Ormond, and make such explanations as are necessary. *Au revoir*, Judith. You can enjoy your lover's society without fear now, as I shall not be here to intrude on your precious charge."

Mr. Bowden was not far distant, and as Claudia swept down the steps and moved away with the lithe, elastic tread which showed the perfect physical development to which she owed half her charms he laughed, and said:

"How condescending of her to tell you that you may freely devote yourself to me this afternoon. I hope you'll do it, dear, for I have not yet found the opportunity to say to you half that I wish. We have so many years of estrangement to make up for, you know."

"Not estrangement, William, for we were always faithful to each other; and we both had faith to believe that my father would relent at last. I would gladly stay with you if I were certain that this pretended absence of Claudia Coyle is not a ruse. She may slip back and get into Clare's room if I am not on guard, and I feel responsible to Mr. Clifford. I am not quite easy in my mind about what happened last night. I have not felt quite right all day, and I begin to think that I may have been drugged. But if that girl had got into the room Clare would surely have raised an alarm, or have told me to-day what passed between them."

"I think you alarm yourself unnecessarily about Miss Ormond. I hardly think Claudia Coyle would attempt to meddle with you in any way; you were worn out with watching, and slept more soundly than usual, that was all."

Judith shook her head dubiously, but she made no

reply. She watched Claudia till she was lost sight of beyond the trees, then said:

"I believe the serpent has fairly trailed itself away this time, and for a few hours all will be safe. I must go to Clare now, but I promise to come back as soon as possible, and remain with you as long as I can."

Clare was lying with a handkerchief thrown over her face to conceal from observation the dire struggle that was going on in her soul, and Judith sat down quietly, thinking her asleep.

She had brought up a book with her, in which she soon became absorbed, and the time passed on almost unnoticed. At four o'clock Jasper was to go to the landing to meet Mrs. Ormond, and he looked in for a moment before starting.

Judith pressed her finger on her lip, and pointed to the motionless figure of the poor girl, who lay like one in a horrible trance, weighed down to the dust by the thoughts of her evasion, yet resolved to accomplish it, if life and strength were granted her to do so. She made no sign, though every echo of her lover's footfall as he moved away fell on her heart as the knell of hope and happiness.

Finding her so quiet, and certain that Claudia had really gone, Judith remembered her promise to her betrothed, so she softly left the room, and sent Lyra to take her place.

The girl came, but in half an hour the heat of the afternoon, and the loss of rest for several nights past, told on her; she leaned her head down on a table near her, and fell into a deep sleep.

Then the handkerchief was withdrawn from the wild, white face it had shaded, and, wrought up to the utmost pitch of endurance, Clare noiselessly arose, threw a dark shawl over her white wrapper, and glided from the room. There was a back staircase at the end of the hall, and she swiftly descended this and passed unseen through a side entrance which opened on the lawn.

Then her courage almost failed her. Something whispered that she had better await the arrival of her mother and counsel with her before she took this desperate step. But the flitting gleam of correct reasoning was soon obscured, and, spurred on by the goading fears Claudia had aroused, she moved swiftly down the pathway leading to the arbour, scarcely conscious of what she was doing.

In the meantime Claudia had taken refuge in the same retreat, and waited there as patiently as she could till her fellow-conspirator made his appearance.

The arbour was a rustic bower covered with wild vines, which stood in a grove of trees at the lower end of the grounds, more than half a mile distant from the house. It was rarely resorted to, and at that hour of the day was as safe and sequestered a place of meeting as could have been selected.

The time passed very slowly to Claudia, and the two hours that elapsed before Spiers joined her seemed as if they would never come to an end. He had laid aside his disguise, and was carefully and handsomely dressed.

Claudia frowned slightly as she remarked the care with which his toilette had been made, and almost sharply said:

"You wish to make a good impression on the namby-pamby baby you are going to meet, I suppose, and that is why you have kept me waiting so long while you were making such an Adonis of yourself."

He snatched her to his breast, and, after kissing her again and again, said, with a laugh:

"You know better than that, my adorable. It is true that she must see me at my best, but I thought only of you while I was removing that odious disguise and making myself presentable once more. Since you are here all is right, I suppose?"

"Yes; I outgeneraled them all, and in spite of their precautions I saw and spoke with her last night. I made her see that her only chance to save herself from the ruin and degradation of a criminal prosecution is to accept you as her protector. Ha! ha! I think she is half-mad now, John, and she will be wholly so before she has been in your power long."

"So much the better," he coolly replied; "then I could manage her to suit myself, and get rid of her at my own option. Don't be jealous, Claudia, for you may rest assured that you will have no cause. I must wear the matrimonial yoke for a few months to make sure of the money, but when that is safe we will know how to enjoy it together; oh! my beautiful?"

"I think we shall; but are you sure that your arrangements are such as cannot be interfered with?"

"I think they are safe. My horse is fastened securely not far from here. Like a paladin of old, I will take my prize in my arms and gallop away to the cottage in which I have so long vegetated with old Mrs. Brown and her cub of a son. The young man will do anything for money, and I have promised him a hundred pounds to help me off with the heiress. I have made arrangements by which I shall be enabled to go out in a boat with my bride and get

aboard the steamer that will come down stream to-night. Once safe in my father's house all will be in readiness for the bridal, and you may be sure no time will be lost. I shall then take Clare away with me to keep out of the way of Ormond till his wrath has time to cool. It will depend on himself whether he ever sees his daughter again or not."

Claudia vindictively said:

"Never allow her to hope for a reunion with her family till her will is made in your favour. After that is done, you will be more simple than I take you to be if you permit her to live long enough to tell any one interested in her by what means she was coerced into giving you the whole of her aunt's large property."

Spiers laughed.

"You may trust me to take care of my own interests, Claudia; and you may be sure that the sooner I can rid myself of such an incubus, with safety to myself, the more agreeable it will be to me. You will go to Naples, as we have settled, and I will set out to take my wife there, to spend the winter for the benefit of her health. Ha! ha! She'll never see the tropic verdure of the Italian paradise; she'll die suddenly on her way there, and I don't think there will be much time given to mourning before I find a successor for her."

Both laughed in concert at this hideous pleasantry, and Claudia presently said:

"I would gladly go away at once, but to avoid a suspicion of collusion between us I think I had better remain till after Mrs. Adair's will is read. I know that she has left me nothing, but that does not signify, since our cleverness will secure to us the enjoyment of all her wealth."

"But if Clare shouldn't come after all," said Spiers, with sudden uneasiness. "It is getting late, and the steamer will soon be at the landing. Confound it! what does she mean by keeping me waiting on her in this way? I'll pay her out for all she's made me suffer when I once have her in my power."

Claudia paled slightly at the possibility that Clare might fail to come, and she hurriedly said:

"I will go towards the house and see if she is on the way. Jasper is gone to meet Mrs. Ormond, and the ancient turtle-doves left on guard will be so much occupied with each other that I fear no interruption from them. Clare is weak and half-distracted, and she may need some one to guide her on her way. Ah! there is the flutter of a white dress now; she is coming, and all goes well for us."

A girlish figure was indeed approaching with swift steps, as if afraid of discovery or pursuit, and Spiers hurried forward to meet her, while Claudia thought it best to disappear.

CHAPTER XL.

CLARE, with her face flushed with fever, her eyes shining with the excitement that alone sustained her, came on with rapid though unsteady steps; but she faltered, and drew back when she saw John Spiers advancing to meet her.

Her first impulse was to fly from him, for the only feeling he inspired was that of repulsion, and if her strength had not suddenly failed her she would have turned and fled from him, crying aloud for help to evade the miserable destiny she came to embrace.

The ground seemed to rise up beneath her feet, the trees to whirl around her, and all became dark as she made an impotent effort to turn on her steps and retrace the path towards the house. She would have fallen to the ground had not Spiers bounded forward and reached her in time to receive her swooning form in his arms.

He bore her to the shelter of the arbour, and drew from his pocket a pungent essence he had brought with him in anticipation of some such catastrophe.

When consciousness returned she found herself lying on the breast of the man who was a terror and a horror to her, although she had so madly given herself up to him, and with sudden strength she wrenched herself away from him, and said, with passionate vehemence:

"Don't touch me! I cannot bear it. I came here to make terms with you, not to accept your loathsome love. You threaten me, and I came to buy you off. Name your price, for I believe it is only money that you care for."

Spiers deprecatingly said:

"You are very unjust, Clare. Did I know that you would be Mrs. Adair's heiress when I first sought you? I adore you! I cannot, I will not make any compromise that involves losing you. I may seem cruel, but I am driven to the wall—I must use the weapon you have yourself put into my hands, to force you to fulfil the promise you once made."

"The promise was wrung from me by such violence as you are again ready to use to procure its fulfilment. Have mercy on me, Mr. Spiers, and do not persist in making me your wife. I love an-

other—I shrink from you as from something fatal to me. Take half my fortune, and let me go."

He uttered a sneering laugh.

" You are complimentary to me, fair lady, but I do not believe in this rival's power to make you ignore the pledges you gave to me. I shall not give you up to him—rest satisfied of that; nor will I accept money of you in lieu of the hand I so ardently covet. Why did you come to me at all this evening if it was not with the intention of going with me wherever fate may lead me? You have voluntarily placed yourself in my power, beautiful Clare, and I am never going to be such an idiot as to let you escape me now."

" It will be worse for you if you do not," she said, with a sudden glare in her eyes, which told him that, if driven to desperation, even this slender creature might be dangerous.

He drew a step nearer to her, and said, in the softest tone he could command, while he was inwardly raging against her:

" It would be despair to me if I did. What can I say—what can I do, Clare, to bring back to you the tender feeling you once confessed for me? You could not have been trifling with me; I should be loth to believe that of so young and artless a girl as you seemed to be."

" I was a silly child. I was flattered by your seeming preference because others thought you handsome; but that I ever loved you, or led you to believe that I did, is false. The promise I gave you was forced from me in so base and unmanly a way that I have hated and despised you ever since it was given."

" You use strong language, pretty Clare; but I can forgive it, since you came hither voluntarily this evening to place your fate so utterly in my power that there is now no escape from a union with me."

" Have you no mercy? Will you dare to take to your heart a creature who has but one feeling towards you, and that is repulsion? If you refuse my prayer, I shall believe that you and Claudia Coyle have spread this snare for me, that she put poison in the elixir I gave my aunt, and that she did it at your command, that you might have me at your mercy. Let me go, and take the half of my fortune. I will gladly give it as a ransom for myself."

" After what you have said, I would do so if you had the power to keep your word with regard to the inheritance left you by Mrs. Adair; but you have not. You are a minor; your fortune will be in the hands of trustees; and you will have no legal right to transfer any portion of it till you are of age. Before that time you would marry Jasper Clifford, if I were fool enough to give you up, and he would never permit you to pay the debt you are so willing to incur. No, my pretty one; you came to me of your own sweet will, and you will stay with me from this time forth till death us do part, as the prayer-book has it."

Clare sank down on the bench, unable longer to sustain herself; but when he would have approached her she repulsed him, and faintly said:

" I came in the hope that I should be able to make terms with you. You threatened to have me arrested for—for a crime I never willfully committed. Is it not dreadful enough for me to know that I caused my aunt's death, without being dragged forward before the world and accused of it? Why should not you also be implicated, since you seem to know so much more of it than I do myself? Oh! I was mad to come here! I was mad—mad!"

She pressed her hands over her eyes to shut out the hateful glance that glared down on her, for Spiers, at this glimpse of the truth which had come to her, lost all his self-control. He spoke in tones that made her shiver through every fibre of her frame.

" You may have been mad, but you will be a worse lunatic before I have done with you. Come—we have talked too long. You are mine now and forever, and I shall take possession of my own."

He seized her in his strong arms, threw over her face a handkerchief saturated with chloroform, which had at that time just become known to the medical profession, and holding it over her face until she became limp and helpless, he bore her to the spot at which he had left his horse fastened.

Away like the wind he rode through the woodland paths till he came upon a small, unpainted house, half-hidden by trees and undergrowth, invisible from the river, though it stood but a few hundred yards from its banks.

An old woman, with bleared eyes, and a wrinkled face which was the colour of leather, came out at the sound of his horse's feet, and, with a smirk, said, as he dismounted, carrying his burden in his arms:

" So the pretty deuce has run away with you after all, Mr. Johnson," that being the name he had assumed since he had lodged in Mrs. Brown's house. " But what has happened to put her in such a fix as this?"

" She was frightened for fear of pursuit, and has fainted. She has been ill, and so closely watched that she could not get to me before. All is safe now though, for in another hour the steamer will be down, and we will get away before the people from Riverdale can stop us."

While speaking he strode into the house and laid the insensible girl on a bed which stood in the front room.

A hat, with a long, thick veil attached to it, and a black shawl, had been given to Spiers by Claudia Coyle for Clare's use, and he brought them from the inner room and placed them beside her, briefly saying:

" You are to put these on her when the signal is given, that no time may be lost. I must go now and help Jared to get the boat in readiness. If she recover enough to speak she may say strange things; but she is half-delirious, and you must not pay any attention to them. She came to me voluntarily, or I could never have got possession of her. I think her sufferings have made her half-crazy, Mrs. Brown; but now that she has effected her escape she will soon be better. Her mind will be at rest, poor darling."

" Yes, I know," said the old woman, sympathetically. " I ran away with my old man when we was both young and foolish, and I know what I went through before I got off. She's a pretty creature, Mr. Johnson, and she'll be rich as cream if it's true that old Madame Adair left her all her fortune."

" She'll be rich enough to pay you handsomely for helping her off with her true love, Mrs. Brown, and I shall take care that you get your reward before many days are over. Just let her lie quietly now; she is breathing again, and there is no danger."

Mrs. Brown, in spite of her ungainly appearance, was not a bad woman, nor one to whom it would have been safe to tell the whole truth. Her lodger had induced her to believe that the heiress of Riverdale was desperately in love with him. He had told her that his sojourn beneath her humble roof was made that he might find an opportunity to elope with Miss Ormond, as her relatives were bitterly opposed to their marriage.

Clare was breathing heavily, but quite unconscious of all that was passing around her, and the old woman sat down to watch over her, her memory going back to the time when she had herself eloped from her father's house, where plenty and peace reigned, to cast her lot in with that of a man who had ill-treated her and brought her to poverty.

" I hope this poor thing will have better luck than I had," was the mental prayer she breathed over the hapless girl, unconscious how much darker was the fate that threatened Clare than the one which had been awarded to herself.

(To be continued.)

A LADY'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO SCIENCE.—The greatest female naturalist of our day, Madame Jeannette Power, has just died at Perigueux. Madame Jeannette Power was a Frenchwoman by birth, but married to an Irish gentleman, Mr. James Power, director of the Submarine Telegraph Company in Paris. The deceased lady was known as the discoverer of the secret of the manner in which the shell of the nautilus is formed, and her experiments upon the subject are amongst the most curious of the age. It is to Madame Jeannette Power that we owe likewise the invention of the aquarium. Long before it became generally known she had established at Messina in Sicily the apparatus from which all the others have been taken. It was a simple iron cage, sunk to a certain depth in the sea, through the bars of which the fish whose habits she wished to study were unable to escape, while the living water, continually renewed, made them unconscious of captivity. Upon the top of this iron cage Madame Jeannette Power was wont to lie for whole days together intently watching the habits of the nautilus she had captured, and whose shells she had purposely broken. The result was a complete scientific victory, and the whole system which many generations of savans had failed to discover was revealed at once. By this constant application Madame Power was also enabled to re-establish the theory of Aristotle concerning the reproduction of any portion of the living fish, which had been denied through long ages. She presented to the Académie des Sciences several subjects on which she had operated with success. Her last work relates to the formation of the meteoric bodies called aérolites, which she affirms to be nothing more than the substances collected by the whirlwind fused together by the rotatory motion, and hurled with violence to the earth. Having been an eye-witness to several of these whirlwinds and waterspouts in Sicily, she gives a description of the gradual formation of the aérolite, which has convinced many a scientific man of the truth of her theory. Madame Power was much esteemed in the scientific world, a member

of most of the European Academies of Science, a great friend of Professor Owen, and held a grade of high distinction at the Academy of Bruxelles, and with so truly feminine and simple-hearted that all this honour and glory was freely given.

SCIENCE.

BENZINE.—Benzine is a light, mobile, colourless liquid, very volatile, and possessing, when pure, an agreeable odour. Its specific gravity is 0.85. It freezes at 0 deg., C., and boils at 80 deg., C.; is insoluble in water, but soluble in wood spirit, alcohol, ether, or acetone. It dissolves small quantities of sulphur, phosphorus, iodine, shellac, and copal; and dissolves readily the fats, ethereal oils, camphor, wax, india-rubber, gutter-percha, quinine, morphine, and strychnine, but not cinchonine. From benzine are prepared a large number of acids, and nitrogen, chlorine, and bromine compounds.

NITRO-BENZINE.—Nitro-benzine, called also nitrobenzole and essence of mirbane, is a yellow liquid, possessing a sweet taste, and the odour of bitter almonds. It is used in perfumery instead of bitter almonds; but its chief consumption is in the preparation of aniline. It is insoluble in water, but can be mixed in all proportions with alcohol and ether. It freezes at 3 deg., C., in crystalline needles, boils at 213 deg., C., and can be sublimed unchanged. It is easily manufactured by the action of nitric acid upon benzine. A similar compound is made by the action of nitric acid on toluol, from which aniline can be prepared.

NAPHTHALIN.—Naphthalin is one of the principal constituents of coal-tar. It is solid at ordinary temperature, fuses at 79 deg., C., boils at 220 deg., C.; and its specific gravity is 1.048. It can be easily sublimed into thin white rhombic scales, of tarry odour and aromatic taste. Impure naphthalin turns brown in the air. It crystallises, from its solution in ether, in large prisms, which remain unaltered in the air. It can be ignited with difficulty, and burns with a smoky flame, even in pure oxygen. Water does not dissolve it, but it is very soluble in alcohol, ether, in the fat and essential oils. It is used as a substitute for camphor in the destruction of moths, and also in the preparation of colours.

ILLUMINATING ROOFS.—According to the invention of Mr. T. Hyatt, the roof is constructed of sheet steel or other sheet metal, having small glasses set into perforations made therein to receive them. Another improvement relates to corrugated sheet-metal roofs, and consists in the insertion therein of glasses. The inventor makes these glasses with expanded or button-headed heads, so as to take a bearing on the surface itself of the metal, and thereby obviate the labour and expense of making special seats for such glasses. These button-headed glasses are also applicable to illuminating gratings. Another improvement applicable to gratings consists in making the holes in the metal plates for the reception of the illuminating glasses larger below than on the upper side, and in forming a slightly expanded shank on the button-headed glass, which shank passes through the smaller end of the hole, and is secured therein by a ring or cement of putty inserted between the sides of the shank and the inner sides of the hole.

PAINTING ON TIN.—A new process of painting on tin has been patented in France, and is coming into extensive use in the manufacture of tea-canisters, fuse-boxes, &c. The preparation of the inks or colours which are used is not yet made known, but after the tin-plate is printed it can be made up into any desired shape, as the printed surface is not injured by moderate hammering, nor by the process of soldering; and it is likely soon to come into general use for a variety of purposes, and be a good article for the trade. The same French house has also patented a method of lining canisters with a siliceous material, which protects the metal from the action of acids in pickles, preserves, &c., and this will also prove to be a very useful invention, especially for potted meats, &c. The method of giving the surface of this tin the appearance of being moiré and patterned is very simple. It is done by merely wiping it over with a sponge moistened with common salt, hydrochloric acid, or sal ammoniac, which dissolves the surface, leaving it covered with crystals, over which a coating of fine transparent varnish is brushed. At present we are not aware that any one else but a well-known extensive fusee-maker is turning this process to account; but it is well adapted for many articles that an ironmonger could work to advantage.

THE PHENOMENA OF VIBRATION.—A simple apparatus for the observance of some beautiful phenomena can be (says an American paper) constructed as follows:—A disc of white cardboard, with apertures

oblong in radial direction, is set on a spindle, so as to be rotated at any requisite speed. To examine, for instance, the flame of a gas light (in a glass tube, to prevent disturbance by air currents), place the disc in front of the light, so that the eye can see the light through each slit as it comes to a vertical position. If the speed of the disc's rotation is such that the interval of time between two slits passing the eye is just equal to the period of a vibration of the flame, the flame appears to be motionless; but if the velocity is reduced, the flame is seen to go slowly through its changes of form. If the interval is equal to, or one-half of, or one-third of the period of the vibration of the light, the illusory appearance of a disc having as many or twice or three times the number of slits really in the disc is seen. This phantom disc will appear to be motionless when the periods coincide; but when otherwise it revolves in one direction or the other. It is obvious that the vibrations of the flame can be easily counted by this means. The inventor, Mr. Charles J. Watson, counted, with a sixteen-inch tube, 453 vibrations of the flame per second. By this instrument the undulations of the vibrations of a wire can be seen to travel up and down the wire; and if watched by both eyes through the slits, the spiral course of the undulations can be observed.

DURABILITY AND CLEANLINESS.

I BELIEVE it is generally allowed that brick is about the most durable material that can be used for building purposes, and it is also the only really fire-resisting material—stone, as we know, being apt to crack and split under the influence of great heat. We have, therefore, another inducement for employing ceramic decoration. I would also say a word as to cleanliness. Good terra-cotta does not change colour like stone or Portland cement, but always retains its brightness of tone, as we may see by the numerous examples of terra-cotta ornament in Italy, mostly upwards of three centuries old, or by the more ancient Roman brickwork, which retains its colour almost intact to the present day. It can also be easily cleaned, and no amount of rain, cold, or heat can damage it to any extent.

Terra-cotta is also the most economical mode of decoration—I am not speaking now of elaborate ornament—certainly far cheaper in every way than Portland cement or stone carving; and I am sure if its advantages were more generally known, and its use more extensively advocated, the cost would soon become much less.

While speaking on the subject of colour, I must lament another great change that has taken place in our mode of building during the last half-century; I allude to the introduction, and now almost exclusive use, of slate as a roofing material, in lieu of tiles. I venture to think this a reason for genuine regret. The architecture of London is so generally cold and monotonous that we can ill afford to lose the warmth and variety of colour to be derived from tiles. No doubt there are reasons for the substitution of slate, such as cheapness and comparatively light weight, but these I cannot consider as sufficient reasons—certainly not the latter, it having led to the reduction of the size of the roof timbers, and consequently to weakness in construction. No doubt that with our present low-pitched roof slate is a safer covering than tiles, but this is only an additional argument for the reintroduction of roofs with a higher pitch that would be visible from below, covered with the old-fashioned tile. P. H.

SCIENCE AND ART IN THE YEAR 1870.

We believe that the following are the chief results of the Science and Art Department which have been lately reported to Parliament and are about to be published. The numbers who during 1870 have attended the schools, museums, and other institutions receiving Parliamentary aid considerably exceed those of 1869. There is a very large increase in the number of persons receiving instruction in science applicable to industry, which has risen from 24,865 in 1869 to 31,283 in 1870, or upwards of 37 per cent. The number of persons instructed in art has also increased from 157,198 to 187,916, or 19.5 per cent. The lectures at the South Kensington Museum were attended by 27,761 persons. At the Royal School of Mines there were 17 regular and 124 occasional students, at the Royal College of Chemistry 121 students, at the Royal School of Naval Architecture there were 40, and at the Metallurgical Laboratory 24. The evening lectures at the Royal School of Mines were attended by 2,574 artisans, school teachers, and others; and 243 science teachers attended the special courses of lectures provided for their instruction.

At the Royal College of Science, Ireland, there were 17 associate or regular students, and 21 occasional students. The various courses of lectures delivered in connection with the department in Dublin were attended by 1,152 persons, and at the Evening Popular Lectures which were given in the

Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art during the session 1869-70 there was an attendance of 1,195. The total number of persons, therefore, who received direct instruction as students or by means of lectures in connection with the Science and Art Department in 1870 was upwards of 254,000, showing an actual increase as compared with the number in the previous year of 67,000, or nearly 36 per cent., and an increase in the rate of progress of 8 per cent.; the numbers in 1869 having been nearly 28 per cent. higher than in 1868. The museums and collections under the superintendence of the department in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, have been visited during the past year by 1,847,929 persons, showing an increase of 49,087 on the number in 1869.

The attendance at the Art and Educational Libraries at South Kensington as well as at the Library of the Royal Dublin Society continues to increase, the number of readers in 1870 having been 1,809, or 37 per cent. more than in the previous year, the respective totals being 48,244 in 1869, and 50,053 in 1870. The returns received of the numbers of visitors at local art and industrial exhibitions, including the Workmen's International Exhibition at Islington, to which objects were contributed from the South Kensington Museum, show an attendance of upwards of 816,000, the number in 1869 having been 338,000. Thus it appears, from the returns of the different exhibitions and institutions by means of which instruction in science and art is afforded in connection with the department, that the total number of separate attendances has been during the year 1870 upwards of 2,973,000, or 25 per cent. more than in 1869, when it was 2,372,000.

BEAUTIFUL SUNSETS.—Evening after evening, lately, the setting sun has lighted up and made gorgeous in purple and gold, and in all the colours of the rainbow, the clouds along the western horizon, presenting a scene of beauty which no gallery of art could rival. Yet how few of the millions of people take note of these great paintings by the hand of Nature! The taste and love for natural objects of beauty should be cultivated until they become universal.

A THOUGHT.—When the day dawns, and we arise to find the sky clear and the bright hours all before us, how loth we are to lie down upon our pillow again. There are so many things to do—such pleasant things some of them; our friends are coming, or we are going to visit them; there is a walk or a drive or a little feast in prospect—it seems so pleasant to be awake. But when the day has gone, and night has come again, we are generally ready for it. We are, at best, tired with our frolic or our pleasure. Ten to one we are disappointed in something. Some little unpleasant incident has marred the brightest hour. Some skeleton has taken its seat at the feast, or peeped out of a secret closet. It is so delightful to fling off the finery it rejoiced us to put on; to put out the light and lie down, courting slumber. So though in the heyday of life, we dread that last long quiet sleep, no doubt those who live to be old hail it as their best friend. The loves and hopes of early life have ended in disappointment. Their dear ones have left them alone. The life that seemed so sweet has changed to bitterness, and all the sweetness is with death. Just as we weakly climb the bedroom stairs with our tired feet, so we will climb life's last steps. We have danced and toiled alternately; we are as tired of our joy as of our sorrow, and we will hail repose eternal as we hailed the repose of the night when life was all before us.

FRANK PEOPLE.—There are many people in this world who boast of their extreme candour and frankness. "I always say what I mean," they declare, and the listener can generally acquiesce in the truth of the statement, remembering the burning cheeks and indignant heart-throbs his candid friend has caused him. For I have noticed that your frank people never on any account allow their frankness to appear in a pleasant form. They never are impelled by this peculiar trait to say charming things, tender things, sweet things, but inevitably something sharp or harsh or bitter. You may look ever so well, and do something ever so praiseworthy, and not a word do you hear of it from the embodiment of frankness; but look ill, wear an unbecoming toilette, make a blunder, or do something ill, and out comes your critic in full blast, winding up with his inevitable declaration that he always says what he thinks, for his part—that he flatters no one, etc. On the whole, from a close observation of the persons who make this boast continually, I am inclined to think that they are of the order who need to be dubbed ill-natured and impolite, and that they are by no means such additions to society as they evidently imagine themselves to be; and that the best-hearted people are those who are most courteous, and who could scarcely be brought by any process of torture to tell their friends to their face that they thought them awkward, ill-looking, mistaken in all

their views, and to blame for every misfortune that has ever fallen upon them, which is the usual summing up of a candid person's views of others.

M. K. D.

THROUGH DARKNESS TO DAWN.

CHAPTER X.

When musing on companions gone
We doubly find ourselves alone.

Scott.

OLD Doctor Bazzard, of whom Treddle had spoken to Katrine as being the person whose money Glaston had drawn out on forged cheques, did return to his home even earlier than he was expected. Not, however, that there was any one at that home to expect or to welcome him, for he lived alone. It was only through a letter of his, addressed to one of his neighbours—who acted as his lawyer whenever he required the services of such a person, and to whom he had written to forward him a hundred pounds which the latter had collected for him—that Treddle, who had twice recently made an excuse for visiting the vicinity, had ascertained when the doctor probably would return.

He came home the evening after Treddle's conversation with Miss Bromley. He hired a fly to take him out to his place, three miles from Burnley.

Treddle, hurrying along, looking anxious, glanced up at the passing vehicle and beheld the very man of whom he was thinking.

"Home already. I wonder if that will hurry matters," muttered the cashier, looking after the fly.

But Doctor Bazzard knew nothing of him or his anxieties. His own heart beat slowly and coldly—more slowly and coldly the nearer he drew to—home. Before his dim eyes swept the pageant of his own youth—old dreams, reaching far, far back to the time when he had a young wife and children—to those anniversaries of that young wife's death—up and along to those dreary years since his children had grown up and gone away from him.

Now he was alone. By choice; for there were those who would have stayed with him, and been kind to him on account of his money, hoping to be remembered in his will, if from no other motive; but ever since the death of his wife, in the prime of her beauty and usefulness, he had shunned society, and the feeling had grown on him until, since the absence of his only son and the marriage of his only daughter, he had shrunk into a recluse and even a miser. Servant after servant had been dropped from his establishment until, when called to his dying daughter's bedside, he had dismissed the woman who for years had kept his miserable house, with the remark that if he ever returned or ever needed her she could come back—meantime she would not be eating and drinking at his expense. Pitiful failure of a once generous nature!

In his present mood, as he came within sight of his dwelling, he regretted the mean impulse which had prompted him to dismiss her. Even Betsy's homely face, sharp and lean, would have been better than this utter solitude. Oh, for the sight of smoke in that lifeless chimney! Oh, for the light of a lamp in one window of that great, desolate house!

"Here we are!" said the coachman, hastily thumping the baggage down on the portico which covered the hall door. "Eight shillings, sir, that is what we agreed on, ain't it? Thank ye, sir."

The house faced the east, and as the doctor stood on the tumble-down portico fumbling for the key of the door, the moon, large, red, and weird, was rising out of the woods which crowned the low opposing hills. He sat down on his trunk and watched her until she stood solemn and quiet above the wood, and his own face was lighted up by her melancholy lustre.

The house was of brick, large and rambling, with wings and so many outbuildings that it appeared, in the softening light of the moon, almost imposing. Large trees, whose leafless branches cast intricate shadows on the white snow, stood like sentries about it. The want of paint and repair, the general shabbiness and decay, were less visible than they would have been by daylight; still, the complete stillness and silence, the isolation, and the black shadows, made it sufficiently gloomy.

"I wish B-tsey were here, and had a good supper for me," murmured the doctor, rising at last and fitting the key to its rusty ward. "I wish I'd brought Laura's little girl home with me—she would have been company."

Opening the great hall door, not without difficulty, he dragged in his trunk and bag, then groped his way through the long hall into the great, old-fashioned kitchen, which lay directly at the back of it. As he passed into this, his usual "living-room," he was surprised by two things—an increased warmth of atmosphere, and a subdued glimmer of coals on the open hearth of the big fireplace. His

first thought was that Betsey had heard of his expected arrival, and had come over to make things comfortable for him. His second was that no one could have foreseen his return, which was earlier than he had mentioned in his letter, and that had Betsey really been there she would have had candles lighted and would have come to the door.

The light was dim and uncertain, being only such as came through the uncurtained windows from the moon in the east, the kitchen lying to the south and west.

That Doctor Bazzard was neither cowardly nor superstitious was proved by his solitary life in the midst of surroundings which would have awed many persons. For here, in this very room, where once had glistened long rows of china and burnished pewter, were shelves covered with a collection of curiosities, enough to make the flesh creep to look at. Bottles filled, not with pickled oysters or preserved fruit, but with pickled reptiles and preserved remnants of our poor humanity, interspersed with shells and stones, skulls and dried plants, Indian relics, insects and butterflies—a heterogeneous collection, made by a learned man, without especial object, and never reduced to order—presided over by a gaunt and glistening skeleton, which hung in the great mahogany case where once a clock had ticked the time away. Beating heart of man and throbbing pendulum were both still now, while either tenant of the clock-case or the other inspired equal awe in the old doctor.

Throwing an inquiring glance about him, the master of the house advanced to the centre of the room. His eyes, becoming accustomed to the twilight, finally fixed themselves upon a dark object extended along the front of the stone hearth. While endeavouring to make it out he was startled by its sudden movement and uprising. There, on his own hearth, stood the figure of a man, confronting him in absolute silence. Whether robber, insane, straggler, or what not, in the obscurity and silence, he could only guess. Tall and broad-shouldered was this intruder, probably able to pick up the doctor and shake him out of his boots.

Perhaps some one who, hearing that the doctor was a rich man, and lived alone, or was absent, had come to rob the house.

If so, he must have made himself at home, judging by the fire.

CHAPTER XI.

There is method in man's wickedness,

It grows up by degrees. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

As Treddle went down the street that moonlit winter night with Spiderby he was all aglow, from his hat to his boots, with the consciousness of Katrine's velvet cheek. She had not reproved the audacity of the deed—he scarcely reflected that he had given her no opportunity—and he would have been supremely happy had he not remembered that he had left her in tears.

But this warm glow of the heart could not long exist in Spiderby's company. Cold, cold, colder grew the night to the young man walking by his side. It was not the wintry air which chilled him and froze all his love-fancies till they drooped and broke from their brittle stems. It was not the rising wind sweeping up from the sheeted river which made him shiver. It was his companion. Heaven knows he was well used to that companionship. But use could not reconcile him to it. From that hour when Peter Cooper had made his terrible disclosure, contact with his employer had been intolerable to the cashier. Yet he had endured it for two reasons. First, from a sense of justice. He would not, could not condemn the man on Peter's word. He was by no means certain that Peter was not the guilty one, and in half-witted cunning had created that improbable story. It was his duty to watch both and to convince himself. Secondly, if Spiderby was guilty—and the feeling that he was grew on him day by day—it was his purpose to try and gather up the proofs which Peter had so clumsily let fall. He knew that no jury would convict the banker on the porter's testimony, unsupported by corroborating evidence. It was more likely that, as Peter said, the people would turn about and hang the accuser.

There was one thing which would prove if Mr. Glaston had been murdered after the manner described by the man—to disinter the corpse and examine the skull for the wound produced by the iron bar. But before this was done an accusation must be made.

Many and many a time Treddle had resolved to seek Peter's assistance, and himself, in secret, dig up the body to satisfy himself that he was not the victim of some hideous hallucination of the porter. But this was too difficult and dangerous. If detected in the act he might himself, justifiably, fall under suspicion.

Yet Treddle had not rested—not a day, not an

hour. It was not his purpose to allow so dark a deed as this to sink, unpunished, into obscurity. He would have felt like an accomplice. Never would he have ventured to stand under the young widow's roof, to take her sister's hand, or look into her trusting eyes, had he been guilty of so cowardly a shirking from the responsibility which had fallen upon him by accepting Peter's confidence.

Day by day he was working in the dark towards the light.

His work was made doubly unpleasant by the necessity of associating on terms of at least formal friendship with the man whom he was forced to suspect and labouring to destroy. It is true that he never spoke one sentence more of civility towards his employer than was necessary to their relations, and to prevent the suspicions of the latter that he had become an object of abhorrence.

Now, as the two walked together, it was Spiderby who did all the talking. He was in high spirits, for he had made the second of his advance movements, and had been as successful as he expected. By the third he expected to capture the long-coveted prize. Treddle looked at him—a side glance—while Spiderby talked away as he had done a thousand times in the last month, and the cashier asked himself could that person have an inward conscience of murder, yet appear as he appeared?

Walking along in the dazzling moonlight, swinging his little ebony, gold-headed cane in his gloved hand, hair and whiskers brushed to a nicely, overcoat of the costliest, voice and movements modulated to those of the gentleman *par excellence*, so quiet, so polished, so refined, so unconscious of the black thoughts in the heart of his companion as his smooth tones uttered their good-natured nothings, and his bright, black eyes smiled back the light—"Impossible!" muttered the cashier, as he had muttered many a previous time. "What! this man haunted by the ghost of his victim?"

There appeared to be no thought of poor Harry Glaston on Spiderby's mind. Not even a vain regret for his untimely loss. He spoke of Mrs. Glaston guardedly, expressing his resolve to make her pecuniary embarrassments as easy as possible to bear, as one might speak to a confidential clerk, in terms half-businesslike, half-friendly.

"When Glaston's estate comes to be settled up—and I suppose it will go into court in February, if nothing be said about the old doctor's twenty thousand—I think the house will be left to her."

"That, I suppose, rests entirely with you, sir. If you conceal the forgery, and pay the two drafts, of course the loss will fall only on you."

"Of course. That is what I have decided to do. I have so high a regard for Mrs. Glaston that I am willing to make that sacrifice, and all the others. You know I lost fully as much more by debts contracted in the firm's name. But Mrs. Glaston need not know this. I don't wish to oppress her with gratitude."

He spoke the last sentence with an indescribable air of vanity, mingled with an undertone of sarcasm, which made Treddle feel like pitching him, head and heels, all elaborate and gentlemanly as he was, down the hill along which they were now walking. He, the murderer of her husband, the destroyer of her happiness, to talk thus condescendingly of that broken-hearted lady's gratitude!

Could he have that guilt within him, and hide it thus? The desire to probe him to the quick beset Thomas—to thrust a dagger of speech into this cool seeming, and mark if it were disturbed by the sudden attack. But he struggled with himself and held his peace.

"Let us walk on towards the river," said Spiderby as they came to the street corner at which otherwise they would have parted. "I have a few words to say on business, and I may as well say them now as at any other time. I have been thinking of some new arrangements. In a few days the new year will be here. Any changes to be made must be decided on you then."

Treddle looked round quickly as his companion hesitated. Was the banker about to dismiss him?—and if so for what cause?

"I have resolved to open a produce broker's office," continued Spiderby. "A sharp, shrewd person, up to the times, cannot fail to make money in these days of rapid fluctuations. The capital required will not be so very large either, since the business will soon make itself. I have ten thousand pounds which I can put in."

"I thought you would be in rather a tight place if you took up those—those forged cheques," spoke the cashier, before reflecting that he had better have said nothing.

"It is a friend's money—not mine," was the answer, after a scarcely perceptible hesitation; "but without reserve, to be used for any length of time. What I was going to say is this: I do not wish to

neglect my banking business here, nor to leave Burley for the present. I must choose a partner who will reside in London, and take sole charge of the office there. I want an honest and experienced person, to say nothing of a sharp one. I know of but one person to whom I should be willing to offer so important a place. That person is yourself, Treddle."

"I?" said Thomas, blushing to the roots of his hair.

"Yes. You are honest I know. A veritable Don Quixote of honesty. I think, with a little practice, that you will be up to their tricks."

"How can I be honest and tricky, too?" laughed the cashier.

"Ay, there's the rub! Commercial honesty of a peculiar kind. Only be exact in your returns and statements to me, your partner, and you may be as full of expedients as you please in your dealings with others."

"But I have no capital. A hundred pounds are all I have managed to save in the three years I have been with you. I had to assist a widowed sister in paying for her home," he added, in a lower voice, as if explaining why he should have laid up so little out of his salary of three hundred a-year.

"I do not expect you to put in a pound of capital. It is not needed. All I ask is for you to give your talent and time to the enterprise. You must put your whole soul in it. Why, Treddle, you can double the money in a year. You see you turn it over and over, sometimes every day—and always make something—when you don't lose. I propose to give you a quarter interest for two years. After that, as we shall agree. You will have means of your own to put in by that time. Think of it, Thomas! It's much better than drudging on a salary. You rise at once to the dignity of a financier! In time you become a man of wealth. It is not often that a young fellow like you has such an opportunity tossed to him!"

Spiderby was half-laughing at his own picture of the cashier's rise in life; at the same time he was furtively watching him out of those keen black eyes.

Thomas was confounded, knowing not what reply to make. His heart beat fast at the prospect spread so temptingly before him. It doubtless meant, as Spiderby said, prosperity, and the liberty to marry a certain portionless girl—that is, if he could win her! A hundred conflicting thoughts perplexed him. The offer was suspiciously liberal on his employer's part. What object could he have? To get rid of him? Did Spiderby know more of his thoughts—more of certain recent actions of his than he had dreamed?—and was this a sop held out to stop his mouth?—a bribe to tempt him? He walked so fast that the banker, panting, called to him to moderate his pace. Then he came to a halt, waiting for Spiderby to come up.

"Why don't you open the London concern yourself, Mr. Spiderby? It seems to me as if the interests there would be more important than here. You are older than I—far more accomplished! financier. I doubt my ability to go there as an operator. But here—since you do me the honour to place so much confidence in me, being thoroughly familiar with the business to be done, I would not hesitate to assume any amount of responsibility which you might confer on me."

"Then I could and would only use your services at a fixed salary," was the cold reply. "Don't be so foolish as to throw away a golden opportunity for the sake of remaining near a pretty face, Thomas. You are young and you are in love"—going on as quietly as if he did not perceive the young man's confusion. "But you have time enough to get out of love and in again half-a-dozen times before you really settle in life. Don't burden yourself down with a wife before you are ready."

"I might not find it so easy to get one," said Treddle, indignantly.

The bachelor banker laughed in an exasperating way.

"You are too modest, Thomas. Any young fellow but you would be flattered until he was as vain as a peacock by such a look as those dark eyes gave you this evening. Mind, I'm not disparaging Miss Katrine Bromley. She's a fine girl, full of spirit. But she's a chit of seventeen. You are the first young gentleman she has had the pleasure of knowing, and, of course, you are charming to her."

Half-mortified, half-angry, Thomas listened in silence, while his good sense suggested that there might be some truth in these remarks. It might be that he was only a favourite with Katrine because he happened to be first. The cool prudence of the banker was eminently calculated to make him think so. But, casting his eyes up to the fair blue heavens, he recalled her image as she stood in the moonlight with the tears on her cheeks, and immediately he felt the falsehood of such a suspicion; his heart trembled with a blissful thrill—Katrine was dearer to him than ten thousand brokers' offices. But then a broker's office would help to keep Katrine.

Meantime the banker resumed:

"Understand, too, that in all probability I shall be willing to exchange places at the end of the first year, if you then prefer to remain at Burnley. To tell the truth, I am tired of the town. It is dull—stupid. There is no reason on earth why I should not leave it for the greater privileges of the city. But I am not prepared to leave so suddenly. I must take time to get ready. It will be several months at least before I can decently quit the place. Then, I shall be only too glad to go—for I tell you," looking moodily down on the ice-bound river, coldly glinting in the moonlight—"I hate Burnley, and want to get out of it. This, however, in confidence. I prefer, for business reasons to keep my intention of leaving it a secret for the present. If you still wish, at the end of a year, to enter into an engagement with Miss Bromley, it will be time enough to do so. As a friend, Tredble, I warn you against binding yourself before you have sounded your feelings by the severe test of London life. What say you?—for I believe I'm growing chilly, standing here on the snow."

"I think it altogether likely that I shall accept your proposition, sir, though I will not say so, decidedly, to-night. I suppose till-morrow, noon, will not be too much time for consideration. I promise you my answer then. Whether I accept or reject, be sure, Mr. Spiderby, that I do not understand the great compliment you pay me, and that I am—sincerely—thankful," the words stuck in his throat, they seemed so much like a lie; but his companion did not seem to notice how they were jerked out, merely saying, cordially:

"Well, good night, Tredble. I see, beforehand, that you have accepted."

"Have I?" asked the young man of himself as he walked down the street that led to his house.

Yes, he had. Before he slept that night he knew that he had. No matter how certain he felt that this liberal offer on the banker's part was intended to serve his own purposes by getting his toe-clear-eyed cashier away from the scene of his plottings, and separating him from the young girl to whose interests he was fast binding himself—no matter how certain of all this he grew, there was another side of the question. Might he not be better able to serve and protect those two helpless women by getting himself into a position where he could offer them a home something like that to which they had been accustomed than simply by staying near them? London was not so far from Burnley but that he could see them every week if he and they chose. He could spend his Sundays at Burnley.

Yet he had pledged himself to his conscience to make it his first object in life to hunt down the truth as to Glaston's disappearance. Even for this he had an excuse which ministered to his interest.

If Spiderby had an object in getting him out of the way, he could better discover that object by affecting ignorance, yielding to the suggestions of his employer, than by opposing him and arousing suspicions that he was watched. It was not like going entirely away from Burnley any more than it was like deserting Katrine. He would still be in frequent communication with Peter.

So that all these reasons, conspiring with the sweet hope of being sooner able to offer his heart and hand and love to the beautiful girl who appeared so likely to need them all, induced him to assent.

"Well?" queried Spiderby, coming up to his railing at noon precisely of the following day.

"I accept the offer, sir."

"Good. I will go to London, rent an office, hire a boy, and arrange the preliminaries. You will need to go a day or two after to secure apartments and be ready for business on the morning of the second."

"Very well, sir, any day that you may select will suit me."

This was all. Tredble could hardly believe that a change of such importance to him could be brought about so easily.

Spiderby soon went out. It was a very busy day with the bank. The cashier and book-keeper scarcely knew whether they stood on their heads or their feet by three o'clock. But that hour arrived with surprising swiftness, and the thronging, eager customers, always doubly in a hurry on holiday-week, were shut out, and the two men left to cast up their accounts for the day. Spiderby came in, locked up his treasures in the safes for the night, and went away again, leaving the clerks to go when their work was done.

Smith closed his book with a sigh of relief.

"I must do a little shopping before I go home to my supper," he remarked to his companion. "Christmas Eve, you know, and four pairs of stockings to be filled, to say nothing of a token of good-will for the wife. Eh, Tredble, you're a lucky dog, nobody to suit but yourself."

"Do you call that being lucky?" asked the cashier, in surprise.

"No, I don't; that's a fact! I should be the most miserable of men without my wife and babies. But everything is so dear now-a-days; and my salary no larger. Hallo, what's this?"

Tredble handed him a bit of paper which Spiderby had left with him. It was a cheque for twenty pounds—a Christmas gift.

"And as I understand it, Smith, you are to be advanced to my place, which will be an increase of one hundred a-year in your salary. I am going to London to start a business for Spiderby. So, my dear fellow, go home with full pockets and a thankful heart."

"That I will," responded the book-keeper, and went away a happy man, leaving Tredble still busy.

The porter came in to warm his feet and fingers at the register.

"I never did see nobody so good-natured as he now-a-days. If you ain't too busy, sir, I should like to show you what he give me to put in my stocking to-night."

"Not too busy. What is it, Peter?"

The porter came up to the little door in the railing and held up a handsome silver watch, with chain and seal of the same.

"I've wanted a watch this ever so long," he said, grinning.

"Ah, then, I suppose you are quite content with your present. Here's something for your mother and sister, Peter, from me. Not much, but I trust they will like my selection."

He handed the man a package containing books for Effie and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles for Mrs. Cooper, to replace her steel ones.

"They'll be surprised, as well as honoured, Mr. Tredble. I've got a few nick-nacks for 'em myself—especially Effie. She's low-spirited lately. I can't make out what ails her. I've thought and thought, and watched and watched, and really, Mr. Tredble, if I don't begin to suspect that she likes him after all."

Peter made this last assertion in a tone of utter despondency.

"Likes who?"

"Why, him, sir, as we're always talking about. I thought she hated him, same as I and mother does. But I'm afraid she set so much store by him before she knew how bad he was that she can't get over it now. Not that she'd have a word to say to him—Effie's a good girl, well brought up—but she misses him and frets her life out about him. There! I only hope she won't split on us, to save his neck from the gallows."

"You do not think she would do that?" asked Tredble, quickly.

"No, I don't; but I wouldn't say she would or wouldn't. She despises him. But I don't say she'd like to see him come to grief. I believe she would be glad to put him on his guard."

"I'm astonished to hear you say so," commented the cashier.

"It's come on me too gradual for astonishment," said Peter. "But it vexes me. I don't feel settled any of the time. When I was at home I used to feel as clear and calm as spring water, but I'm getting muddled. Outfound his old watch! do you suppose I would have taken it if it hadn't been that I dare not throw it back in his face just yet? If he ever asks me the time by it I'll tell him it's five o'clock in the cellar. I'll be switched if I don't get that satisfaction out of his smooth skin anyways."

Peter was getting excited. Tredble reminded him of his promise to be silent and discreet until the proper time arrived for the revelation which they had to make.

"I am very close on his track now, Peter. I have discovered things as surprising, though not so horrible, as the murder. I have not pored over these books every spare hour at which I could get at them without some reward for my trouble. Poor old Smith is almost as blind as he is deaf—he never could or would have detected what I have. Indeed, neither should I had I not an absolute talent for reading calligraphy, as well as the clue to the truth before I began. I must work for three or four hours yet this evening. You see I'm obliged to wait until Smith is gone, and sometimes Mr. Spiderby stays in his room, while at all times I have to avoid his notice that I am working over-hours. Leave the key with me, Peter. I will keep it, for I may slip in here to-morrow and finish up my detective business. My time is short now, as I shall have to go to London in four or five days. I am to be his partner in a business there."

"Switched off the line, ha? Oh, but he's a deep one," commented the porter. "You get there and get into a good business, and hear the gold a-ring, and you'll lose all wish to bring a scamp that's your own partner to justice."

"Heaven forbid! I had not thought of that. Certainly, it would look strange for me to go into business with a man and afterwards confess that I knew him at the time to be what I think him to be. Well,

Peter, go home now. I will finish this work of mine, and if it turns out as I expect there will be no partnership."

Peter took up his various bundles.

"You'll see to the fire, sir?"

"Yes, yes; I will make all secure before I leave."

"Well, sir, good night."

"Good night, Peter; and don't take things too much to heart."

"If it wasn't for sister I'd be jolly enough," muttered the porter as he went out into the gay street. "I've sent home big turkey and oysters, and mother's made mince pies; but she'll just nibble at them like a mouse that's been scared out of its appetite. There ain't anything on the face of the globe that is so foolish as a girl who falls in love with a bad man. The worse he is the better she likes him. Their hearts is like them puzzle-boxes I used to make—you can't get in, and if you get in you can't get out—so!"

CHAPTER XII.

The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring.

And these the showers to bring it on.

Antony and Cleopatra.

AZION's head was bowed upon her arms folded on the table. She did not look up until Katrine spoke, then she revealed a face so worn and cheerless that her young sister ran forward and pressed her warm cheek to one as cold and white as snow.

"Why, why did Harry leave me behind when he went?" cried Mrs. Glaston, bursting into sobs and tears.

"Don't talk that way, dear, dearest Aileen."

"I will—I must. It was the cruellest part of the whole thing. He has left me to struggle with every adverse circumstance. Oh, Harry! how could you do it?"

"Is there anything now, Alice?"

"No, only the certainty of our poverty. Mr. Spiderby tried to keep it from me, for the present. But I insisted upon knowing whether the money was his or my own that he laid before me. Wasn't that right, Katry?"

"It was, darling, perfectly right. I am glad you had the courage."

"Oh, Katrine, if Harry had lived I should have had courage for anything! Don't think me so selfish as to blame him for losing his fortune. If he had stayed with me I should have been contented with a crust and a single room. Contented? I should have been gloriously happy! With him, I could face the world through every voice in it were howling at us. I could bear disgrace—death—anything, together! But to leave me; to let the blow fall on me so unexpectedly! What could—could—could Harry have been thinking of?"

The weary, tear-sodden eyes looked up at her so pitifully. Katrine was alarmed; she thought from the tenor of her sister's expressions about "the world" and "disgrace" that Spiderby had hinted, or perhaps plainly informed her of her husband's wrong-doing.

So he had, as once before, spoken of Glaston's recklessness, if not criminal speculations, reminding her that he had feared and expected nothing less than failure at the time of his partner's disappearance; but that, by extraordinary good luck in borrowing from a friend, and calling in some money of his own, he had staved off ruin for the present. His listener had no means of knowing that the bank was at the height of its prosperity; the idea that Spiderby might fail through Harry's rashness was distressing to her, while she had said to herself, how generous it was of her husband's partner, his own affairs being in so critical a state, to so freely offer her assistance.

"Mr. Spiderby was not harsh with you, Alice?"

"Harsh?—far from it. He was very considerate, indeed, very considerate. But he told me, at my own request, that when Harry's debts were paid off not even this roof would be left over our poor heads, sister. What shall we do?"

"Trust in Heaven," said Katrine, firmly.

"Ah! if I were in Heaven with Harry!"

"You must wait till your Heavenly Father calls you, darling. You are very young—just twenty, Alice. You may have a long life before you. You must pray for strength day by day. It will come, little by little. So long as I live, Alice, you will not be alone. Cling to me. I want to share my strength with you."

"You will marry some day. It may be soon, from the signs," whispered Alice, trying to hide the quiver of her lips beneath a smile.

"Never! while you need me, my sister, I promise you," cried Katrine.

She thought of Tredble as she said it, and her young bosom thrilled; but she only the more earnestly resolved to keep her vow.

* * * * *

Katrine Bromley had a very, very lonesome Christmas Eve for a young and pretty girl of seventeen.

Not a visit—not a single little gift as a token of some friend's remembrance!

The uncle and aunt with whom she had always spent her holidays, and with whom Alice had been at the time of her marriage, were far away in foreign countries, gone on a tour through the East, intending to remain away at least two years. They had sailed only the June before Mr. Glaston's death; and it might be that, over in the Holy Land, where they were at the time, they had not even received the sad tidings which "Little Katy," as they called Katrine, had written them. At least, no answer had been yet received. Other relatives the two forlorn ones had not. Harry's friends had been once or twice to visit them, but at this time the two ladies, with their servants, formed the whole household.

All day Alice had kept her room, walking up and down like a frantic creature, or gazing out of the window at the frozen river with such a stony stare as alarmed her sister. All day Katrine had remained with her, endeavouring to solace the fresh agony of mourning, awakened by the recurrence of the holiday which they had kept with bridal joy one little year ago. Now, almost worn out with her day's desperate battle with the sorrow against which she sought to defend her widowed sister, leaving Alice, at last, slumbering on the sofa, mercifully exhausted so as no longer to suffer so keenly the anguish of her situation, Katrine stole down the stairs and slipped into the deserted parlour.

Deserted they were, yet haunted by memories of the one who had walked with her there the previous evening. He would come again to-night. She felt quite certain of that. She stood in the window, in the very spot where he had kissed her falling tears, recalling the action and the look of more than sympathy which had accompanied it.

Her paleness and fatigue almost vanished as she grew rosy and rested, thinking it over. Not that he should ever repeat the offence—she would be on her guard next time. He was not to feel at liberty to kiss her every time she happened to cry! But it was so sweet to know they had a friend. She was certain that Mr. Treddle was their sincere friend—that he had a brother's interest in her poor sister. She trusted him, somehow, so much more than she did Mr. Spiderby, who acted with equal kindness, yet towards whom she could not feel the same confidence. The moon would not rise for some time, but the stars were bright. Every few moments some handsome carriage, filled with merry occupants, and drawn by impatient horses with dancing hoofs which scarcely touched the glistening road, rolled by.

The stately houses across the way were brilliantly lighted. Well-dressed people were going up the steps, and being admitted by jaunty servants, into almost every dwelling.

This house alone was dark and unvisited. The gaslight was burning faintly in hall and sitting-room; the rest of the house above stairs was dark and joyless, as befitting the mourning of her who had lost all which once made it bright.

Katrine was shadowed by this gloom while her joyous and active nature resisted it. Never was there one sister more passionately devoted to another than she to her. But she was just entering upon a young girl's first love experience, and could not be quite unhappy.

After battling with sorrow all day, she stood now lost in a sad, sweet reverie, out of which she started every five minutes, blushing and smiling, thinking she saw his form down the street, or heard his step on the pavement. The lights from over the way streamed through the window, circling her little, round figure with faint radiance, choosing her, as it were, to illumine the general melancholy shadow of the great rooms.

Katrine stood there a long, long time. Yet no one came. He had friends, then, of whom he thought more than of them, since he went to see them on Christmas Eve? Or, perhaps, he had gone to church?

But the church services were over, the night deepened, and he did not come. Poor Katrine felt more friendless and deserted than ever in her life. Not even Mr. Spiderby had called. She remembered when she was a little child what wonderful, beautiful things her papa had put by her bedside at night; and how, last Christmas Eve, there had arrived from Mr. Glaston such a lovely silk dress and set of corals as were the envy of the school. Half-childish, half-womanly were the griefs and regrets which beset her—for what was she at best but a forlorn, parentless girl of seventeen?

If Treddle had known the countless tears which streamed down her face as she kept her lousy watch, and the cold feeling of disappointment which formed like ice over her warm heart, it is doubtful if even the important business which engrossed him could have held him in that dreary bank while Katrine waited in the window. An humble opinion of her

interest in him, combined with an absorbing sense of the terrible character of his investigations, served to keep him where he was.

If any eye unenlightened as to his motives had taken cognisance of his proceedings, they would doubtless have excited the worst suspicions. Secretly locked in the bank, cautiously going over every line of Smith's books, one might easily have suspected him of tampering with the ledgers for the purpose of covering up irregularities of his own.

About ten o'clock he laid down his task, saying to himself:

"I am thoroughly convinced. I can tell every mark of his pen in these books. But to convince a jury—that's a different thing! If I dared take the responsibility of examining his desk! But I will not do that. I have no right. Yet, have I not a moral right? Am I not justified in getting my proofs in any manner open to me?"

He moved about the room uneasily, tempted by a strong desire. Finally he tried the door of the banker's private apartment—as usual, it was fastened. There was a small sliding window communicating with the cashier's raised-off corner, and curtained on the inside with a bit of muslin tacked on the mesh. Treddle debated if he could squeeze through that aperture. He finally settled the question by trying the experiment and squeezing through.

He looked mightily like a burglar as he stuck in the casing; but as there was no one to take note of the fact it did not injure him.

Once in the room, he lighted the gas and looked sharply about. He had been there almost every day, but never alone; and prudence had always prevented his eyes from betraying too much inquisitiveness in the presence of the master of the place.

Glaston's desk—whose contents had once been inspected by a coroner's jury—still stood in its place near the window overlooking the river. It made the cashier feel faint to see it standing there, coming in on the errand which had brought him thither.

It was Spiderby's desk which he wished to get at. The lid and drawers were all locked, as he knew they would be. Should he attempt to open them with keys of his own? To do so would be to commit an offence against the law. He could not bring himself to attempt it, neither could he leave the desk; but hovered around it, vainly wishing that it were transparent. Finally he stooped and peeped under. The bottom of the desk was made from two separate pieces of board, once nicely joined, but now shrunken a little apart by the dry air of the furnace which heated the building. A bit of paper had worked down through this crack. After a brief hesitation Treddle stuck a pin in it, and gently worked it down, until the whole piece dropped through.

It proved to be a half-sheet of fancy letter-paper. The probabilities were one in a thousand that it could prove of any importance.

He took it to the gas-burner and held it up. It was scribbled over and over with the same sentence like a page of a copy-book.

Treddle's face became deep red as he beheld it. The next minute he was white as cloth. With trembling but careful fingers he folded and laid it carefully in a compartment of his pocket-book.

He glanced about him like a guilty person, hastily turned off the gas, squeezed himself again through the window, and, after hastily running down to see that the furnace was right and all things safe below, extinguished his own light, and crept cautiously out of the front door, anxious to avoid the observation of any passer-by.

As he turned the key in the massive outer door he became conscious of some one by his side.

"What kept you so late?" demanded a hoarse, harsh voice which he could hardly recognise as Spiderby's.

For an instant it was impossible for him to answer; a guilty conscience made his mouth as dry as dust; but in the starlight his employer could not perceive the rapid changes of his countenance, and, by a severe effort, the cashier rallied enough to reply, quite naturally:

"Extra work. We had a very busy day, Mr. Spiderby, as we always do the day before a holiday. Then I had two or three letters to write, and it was so still and comfortable in the office that I took advantage of it to get them off my mind."

"Very good. But it's lucky for you I didn't shoot you as you came out. I made sure you were a burglar."

"Why, one or another of us frequently remains until late. You do it yourself, Mr. Spiderby. I trust you'll never be shot for a burglar."

The banker laughed constrainedly.

"All right this time, Treddle. I just chanced to be on my way to my hotel when I was surprised by observing the door softly opening in the dark as I looked up at it passing by. Sure everything is tight?"

"I think so."

"Since you have the key, just give it me. I may

want to go in to-morrow. Christmas is a stupid day to a man without a family. I shall be driven to my room to spend a part of it."

Treddle gave up the key with an inward reluctance not visible in his manner. After they parted, as he walked away down the street, he had time to reflect on the use which Spiderby might make of his forenoon in the bank. If his suspicions were excited that Treddle was prying into his affairs, as his angry voice—which he afterwards governed—led the other to fear, he would certainly take the opportunity to ascertain if his papers had been tampered with. Should he discover that one was missing—then—"Then, it will bring matters to a crisis a little sooner, that's all."

Still, Treddle hardly believed that the paper could be missed. It struck him that Spiderby probably thought he had destroyed it, and that it had slipped down under others through some inadvertence.

"It will be prudent to be on my guard. The who could write that paper could take any step, however unusual, to obtain possession of it. Great Heaven! just to feel it in my pocket-book is horrible! I wonder it doesn't scare me. There is but one thing more for me to do, before I get rid of it by placing it in the hands of the proper authorities. It is now eleven o'clock. I wish I could watch in the Christmas morning with Katrine. But she is asleep before this. Even if I found the household still up they would think it strange if I made so late a call. As for me, I never feel less like sleep. It's incredible! There's no word for it."

CHAPTER XIV.

The proper study of mankind is man. *Type.*
After all, the start which the doctor gave was more of surprise than fear. The next instant he was quite self-possessed.

"Hallo! Who's this?" he exclaimed.

A low, soft, pleasant laugh was the only answer. At least there was nothing wicked in the sound.

The doctor had a pound of spermaceti candles among his purchases; he got one out of the paper and some matches from his pocket, lighted his candle, marched straight up to his unknown guest, and flared it almost in his face. The other shrank away, as any living creature, man or beast, would have done; but said nothing, only smiled, as a child might at some amusing trick.

The old physician was never in his life more non-plussed. The fancy that this might be his boy, returned from South America, and willing to see if he were recognised before aaking, occurred to him; but he speedily remembered that his son must be ten or fifteen years older than this man, and that he had dark hair and eyes, whereas this intruder had blue eyes and light, golden-brown hair.

It seemed as if the doctor recollected the smile—but, if so, he could not name the wearer, nor say whether it belonged to man, woman, or child—to his beloved wife in the morning of her beauty, to one of his darling infants when they tugged at his beard in years long flown past, or to some friend whom he had liked. At all events, the smile prepossessed him in favour of this stranger, preventing any violent order to leave the premises. He rather suspected insanity, since the smile was too childlike for the person who wore it; if so, he inferred that the insanity was of a harmless order; although it behaved him—as he, being a physician, well knew—to be on his guard.

"Who are you? What do you want?"

He spoke so quickly and sharply that his visitor appeared alarmed, drawing back into the corner, and looking at him like a terrified fawn.

"I shall have to be gentle with him," reflected the interrogator.

A great many people thought that Doctor Bazzard never was and could not be gentle, but they did not really know him. He delighted to keep a rough side towards the world, but he had another phase of character with which it was not so familiar.

"Come, come, don't be afraid of me! I promise not to hurt you if you do not compel me. How long have you been in the house? Fire, oh? Pretty well burned down. I noticed there was no smoke from the chimney when I drove up. We'll soon have a bright one," and he began pushing about the little bed of coals with a stick of fuel which lay at hand.

At that the stranger sprang forward, pulled the stick from him, and carefully pushed out from amid the embers half-a-dozen roasting potatoes.

"Ho! ho!" quoth the doctor, "here's something to be thankful for—supper ready cooked!" stooping to examine a potato and finding it done to a turn. "Come, let's share this famous dish together, making no fuss about the want of style. For my part I'm hungry."

Still no reply came from the stranger, who watched his every movement with looks of blended curiosity and alarm.

The host proceeded to clear a place on the table,



[ON THE TRACK.]

get some salt from the pantry, and shave off a few pieces of dried venison. He then set two chairs, took up the hot tubers on a tin plate, motioned to his guest to take the chair opposite his, and forthwith began his own meal upon one of the floury, bursting, delicious potatoes.

The silent visitor, after a little hesitation, came up to the table, took the chair, and began an almost ludicrous imitation of the doctor's movements, putting salt on his potato, and, after cautiously tasting, giving a verdict in favour of this improvement by one of those bright, satisfied smiles.

The doctor's wonder and interest increased.

This was not idiocy and did not seem like insanity, although he could explain the phenomenon upon no other theory than that of mild lunacy. All the time that he was making a heavy supper eyes and mind were intent upon solving this enigma. Despite his miserly propensities, he lighted two candles, the better to study his novel subject.

One of the first things of which he took note—it must be confessed with a grunt of disapproval—was that the man was attired in some of his—the doctor's—garments, into which he must have squeezed himself with infinite difficulty, as the owner was spare and narrow-shouldered, the borrower broad and splendidly developed. At the best these articles were antiquated; but to see them on this young Adonis made them still more ridiculous. Their wearer might have been twenty-five, more or less; his hair was long over his neck, dropping on his shoulders in short, bright curls; the whole lower part of his face was covered with a beautiful silken beard, through which his observer detected a well-shaped mouth and white teeth. His hands were begrimed with ashes, if not with dirt; but they were slender and delicate, and on one glimmered a unique and probably costly seal ring.

"That ring is valuable," commented the doctor, "as a clue."

Suddenly it struck him that the man might know enough if he had the means of communicating his knowledge—he might be a deaf mute. So he got out his pencil and note-book and wrote:

"What is your name? Are you deaf and dumb?"

Pushing this across he watched its effect—a puzzled stare.

"If he is a deaf mute, he is an uneducated one," decided the physician, returning his note-book to his pocket.

The more he looked the more certain he grew that he had seen the person before; but where, or under what circumstances, no effort of memory enabled him to recall.

He made up his mind that the young man had strayed from the insane asylum at Leighwood, some twelve miles from there, and had wandered by chance into his vacant house, where, liking his quarters, he had been staying for some time.

By one of those singular accidents which do sometimes occur, the doctor took an immediate, strong fancy to this poor wanderer. This was partly owing to his having come into his house with such a shrinking feeling of desolation. It was an absolute comfort to him to have a human being sitting opposite him. Then, too, the hot potatoes had "gone to the right spot," melting his heart.

"If the creature would only talk."

But he would not. He ate heartily, with evident relish, but without disgusting greed. His large, loving, beautiful eyes watched every movement made by his companion. Occasionally he would raise his hand to his forehead as if trying to recollect something—a vague, troubled look would sweep across his face—but it would pass like the shadow of a cloud.

After supper the doctor made up a roaring fire, and motioned his unknown friend to take a seat in the corner, but the latter preferred to follow him about into the pantry, down-cellars, and out-doors, until the doctor took him by the shoulders and sat him down, where he remained in his chair like a docile child.

To the physician who, in times past, had had an extensive experience with delirious patients and insane people, this was not as absurd as it would have been to an ordinary observer. All his professional interest was excited. Before he realised the change from the dreary depression which had that night overcome him he was all aglow, cheerful, alert, for he had a rare case to study, and was in his element. He forgot how tired and sore he was, bustling about, putting his things away, bringing water from the well for breakfast, sweeping up the floor—which was sadly littered—until his silent companion, who at first accompanied his proceedings with that bright, interested gaze, began to nod sleepily from the heat of the fire. After a time he got up, went into the doctor's own bed-room, which opened out of one side of the great kitchen, and came back, dragging a blanket, which he wrapped about him, lay down across the stone hearth, and was soon asleep.

For a long time the old physician sat toasting his own cold feet and regarding the countenance of the sleeper, over which played the fantastic light and shade of the dying embers.

"An infant of twenty-five," he murmured; "an object of pity, if not repulsion, to most people. As for me, I like him."

The next day the doctor had something on his conscience. He knew that he ought to write or go to the insane asylum, and ascertain if it had lost a patient answering to the description of the one he had found. He did not want to go. He wished to keep his *carte blanche*. But he understood that a person like this probably had friends who would feel deeply troubled at his disappearance. For Doctor Bazzard had thoroughly investigated the house, and had discovered, lying in a mouldy heap in an upper room, a suit of clothes, wet, torn, draggled and muddy, but of fine material and recent make—which, taken in connection with the seal-ring, convinced him that the friends of the lunatic were able to take good care of him.

The result of the stir in the sluggish depths of his conscience was that on the next day he got back his old nag, which he had left in a neighbour's stable during his absence, hitched him to a surrey, and drove off, twelve miles, to Leighwood, to inquire at the asylum if a male patient had lately strayed away.

He was much relieved in his mind to be answered in the negative. Yes, already, strange as it might seem to those who knew him, the old man had resolved to keep and take care of this curious waif which fate had stranded on his hearthstone. His old heart, withered and dry as it was, ached with loneliness, and the blue eyes of the speechless guest soothed that ache with their loving, docile gaze.

Still, it was as a subject of investigation and of experiment that the new inmate of his home appealed so strongly to his affections.

Although he had long since given up the active life of a practising physician, his zeal was as warm as ever in the cause of medicine. He was still a student—of books, and of nature, animate and inanimate. He had now a fine volume of *animate nature* opened for his patient study.

When he reached home, just before dark of the brief afternoon, his visitor, who had apparently been watching for him, ran out to the gate and kissed the old miser.

"He shall be like a son to me," resolved the doctor, inwardly delighted. "A kiss! Evidently a natural expression of human fondness! A baby would kiss if it never were taught to do so. Here's a proof."

"Albert," spoke out the man-baby, then stopped as if astonished at himself.

"Oh! Albert's your name, is it? He's been taught that much. Well, Albert, I'm glad to get back. I've had a long ride on your account."

(To be continued.)



THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

SWEET EGLANTINE;

ON,

THE STRANGE UNKNOWN.

BY THE

Author of "Evander," "Heart's Content," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

For she was timid as the wintry flower,
That, whiter than the snow it blooms among,
Droops its fair head submissive to the power
Of every angry blast which sweeps along
Sparingly the lovely trembler while the strong,
Majestic tenants of the leafless wood.
It levels low. But, ah! the pitying song
Must tell how, that the tempest's self more rude,
Fierce wrath and cruel hate their suppliant
prey pursued. *Psyche.*

It was the lovely summer-time, when the sun
shines brightly, and the birds sing their merry
carols, and the green leaves flutter softly in the
westerly breeze. Myriads of flowers cast their perfume
on the air, and the grateful wind carried their fragrance far and near. The sun had not attained its meridian, but its heat was powerful enough, nevertheless, to evaporate the dew, and create a haze which made the flowers, the birds, and the trees look more fairylike, and rendered the hue of the sky a deeper blue.

A smithy stood at the eastern extremity of the village of Stanstead, and the smith paused in his work more than once to wipe the perspiration from his brow, and give rest to the huge hammer which his brawny arms wielded from morn to eve.

Some elms shaded the lurid glare which came from his blazing furnace, and under them were standing some horses waiting to be shod, while their owners were slaking their thirst in a public-house which was to be seen across the road.

This ancient hostelry was in itself a picture. Its heavy oaken beams, over-hanging upper storey, and curious dormer windows, whose quaint, lanceolate panes flashed ruddily back the rays of the ascending sun; these antique features were in themselves sufficient to assure the wayfarer that the inn had stood unchanged for many generations, without the additional testimony of the date of its erection, which was carved in old-fashioned characters upon a grotesque escutcheon placed over the door, just below the creaking sign which swung slowly to and fro.

The village of Stanstead consisted of one long street, the houses in which were straggling and irregular; some were occupied by private people, and those had gates to the pretty gardens and were

superior in appearance to the others, which were shops of more or less importance.

In the centre of the village stood the church, a venerable building, approached through an avenue of yew trees; and in its belfry a colony of jackdaws had established themselves, undisturbed for years, as Mr. Ingram, the parson, would as soon have seen a bough lopped of a yew tree as have had one jackdaw killed or one nest rifled.

Neatness, contentment, peaceful industry, appeared everywhere, and a wealth of flowers grew in every garden. Honeysuckle and clematis, with the modest jasmine, crept in wild luxuriance round many a porch, and the bold ivy spread itself over many a wall and roof-tree. The traveller passing through Stanstead, however great his haste, paused to admire the rustic simplicity of the village, which no art could equal, and perhaps heaved a sigh that his lot was not cast in such a pleasant place.

To those who love a peaceful and contented rural life, Stanstead realised the most exaggerated idea of primitive simplicity. The cattle lowed in the fields; on one side flowed a sparkling stream, in which the fish leaped and swam, inviting the line of the angler, and the little village was encircled by well-cultivated fields and green meadows interspersed with little copes of elm, hornbeam, and hazel, wherein lovers held their trysts in summer-time and schoolboys went nutting in the autumn.

No railway passed within several miles of it, so that the man of business, who had to go daily to the great city, liked it not; but no new villas sprang up in the neighbourhood, and it escaped the fate of so many agreeable villages which have in a few years become so modernised that the old inhabitants can scarce recognise the spot where they were born. The shrill shriek of the engine and the heavy rush of the train on the smooth metals were all far distant, and though we are writing of a few years back, there were actually many people living in Stanstead who had but vague ideas of what a railway was, and had never seen a train.

To many this would seem the height of ignorance, but there are some who do not appreciate the rapid progress of modern civilisation, and who like to put stumbling-blocks in its way. These loved Stanstead because it was confessedly behind the age. The busy centres of population were welcome to their factories, their engines, their magnificent works, their gay places of amusement. They envied them not. It was enough for them that they were able to till the soil as their forefathers had done, and they rejoiced with sincere hearts, when, with Heaven's blessing, she brought forth her increase.

So Stanstead stood still while other villages moved on, grew into towns, and became altered. It was out of the world, and its inhabitants were proud of it. Nobody bothered himself about Stanstead, and in return it entertained a profound contempt for the pomps and vanities of a world no better than it should be.

A little distance from the church, standing back, though on the same side of the way, with a lawn and flower-garden in front of it, was a house which challenged attention. It had three storeys, was built of red brick, rather the worse for all the storms which had battered it since the days of Elizabeth, with long windows, looking prim and formal, and having a portico supported by two pillars, on the top of which stood the figure-head of a ship, a female figure; but a somewhat fierce and truculent-looking face was it for a woman, with long, flowing locks and an ample bust.

The house was Medusa Lodge, in which resided Captain Passingham of the Royal Navy, pensioned off, and on the retired list for some years. When the last ship he commanded was put up in ordinary and alterations made in her, the captain, by dint of a long intrigue with the officials in the dockyard, secured the figure-head of his beloved Medusa, and set it up over the porch of the house which he bought in Stanstead. Not content with thus startling the inhabitants, he erected the mast of a ship on his lawn, and surrounded it with all sorts of spars and cross-trees, and ropes intersecting one another in the most intricate and bewildering manner.

On high days and holidays, such as the birthday of her Most Gracious Majesty, the anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar, as well as that of Navarino, where he had seen service as a midshipman, he hoisted the Union Jack, and would have fired a salvo if he had possessed any artillery, which it was fortunate for the people of Stanstead he did not. But when the flag fluttered out to the breeze, and other ropes were covered with bunting in the shape of flags of all nations, it looked very gay, and the amusement being harmless, the villagers soon forgave the innovation, which at first was looked upon as a startling novelty, and began to be rather proud of it than otherwise.

Captain Passingham was not bluff and hearty in his manner, as old sailors are popularly supposed to be. He was short in stature, and spare in body, and slightly inclined to asthma in bad weather. He went about very quietly, and did not talk much till after dinner, when the old wine warmed his blood, and set his fancy moving. He wore a beard, though that was an innovation upon the rule of the

service, and his hair was tinged with gray. There was also a slight stoop in his back which showed that the years were stealing on with their gliding motion, and that old Time had laid his hand on him.

When he retired from the Navy, hopeless of obtaining higher rank than that of a post-captain, for his interest at Whitehall was slender, he took with him his boatswain, a thick-set, rough-and-ready fellow, by name Ede Block, who was in the habit of spinning many a yarn to the people of Stanstead without any strict regard for truth. Indeed, his sharks, his whales, and his flying fish, did everything but talk, and the wonders of nature were never so marvellously illustrated as they were by Ede Block's stories; his pirates in the China seas, and his opium smugglers, as well as his slave-traders, were all beings of a marvellous order, but such was theunction and emphasis of his delivery, that his simple hearers did not dare to question one of his facts. The curious interjections with which he interlarded his remarks were all of the regular and recognised order, which gave an air of truth to all he said, for since the days of Dibdin and T. P. Cooke, sailors have been always expected to shiver their timbers, ask people to avast heaving, allude to the fore-top-gallant sail, the fo'castle, and other parts of a ship; speak of the hour by five, six, nine bells, as the case might be, and further mystify their listeners by recondite terms which form the slang of the sea.

Ede Block was a great ally of his master, who made him butler, footman, occasionally gardener, and always captain of the main-top when it was necessary to do anything with the flagstaff and ropes which ornamented the lawn. He dressed very much as a sixpenny coastguardsman does now-a-days, with loose trousers, pumps, a pea-jacket, a wide turn-down collar, cut square, and a tar-pauline hat, off which the rain glanced in sheer despair of ever penetrating or finding a home on the capacious but limp brim. He chewed tobacco with the energy of an American, and usually had a quid in his cheek, which distorted the shape of his face and made him resemble a man who had the mumps badly on one side only. With all this he was very harmless; could pay a pretty girl a neatly-turned compliment, and always gave a child a penny when he saw one crying. It was time enough for them to suffer and cry their little hearts out when they grew up, and the world used them ill, he said.

Captain Passingham had an only daughter, named Eglantine, who was of such a soft and charming disposition, so good and innocent, so kind to the very poor, so agreeable and winning in her manner, that every one who knew her, called her "Sweet Eglantine," which prefix to her name adhered as she grew up, and she was seldom spoken of in the village, except as Sweet Eglantine Passingham. She was fair, as men paint the angels, and when her countenance was in a state of quiescence there was an angelic tenderness and a heavenly repose about it which showed that she was at peace with all the world—that her conscience did not accuse her of being wicked in thought or deed. No restless longings wound about her mind. She was happy in her father's love, happy in the consciousness of doing good as far as her limited means would allow her, and happy in the esteem of her friends, in the love of the poor, in the calmness with which she could lay her head on her pillow at night, after having prayed to her Heavenly Father, and sink to sleep, with such happiness as only those who live good lives can know. Her eyes were of a tender melting blue, and their expression that of the dove, never yet had the scintillation of the serpent mingled with its gentleness; her face was long and rather earnest, like her father's, but it was exquisitely chiselled, and all her features were perfect as if they had been cut by the hand of a master. Her small hands, mouth, ears, feet, denoted delicate breeding; and though she never suffered herself to rush into display in dress, she possessed a taste which caused her to attract more attention from those men who were fortunate enough to possess the pleasure of her father's acquaintance, than any number of over-dressed women, loaded with jewellery and lace could have done. Just as a monarch's crown would have looked deprived of its brightest diamond, so would Stanstead, pretty, smiling, prosperous Stanstead have been without Sweet Eglantine. She taught in the village school. She sang in the choir, visited the sick, and read the Scriptures to them, comforting them with the hope of a blessed hereafter, as well as giving them creature comforts to sustain their drooping strength and spirits, and was always at the beck and call of the deserving.

Eglantine was young when her mother died—so young, indeed, that she could scarcely remember her, though a dim recollection of a suffering face, gazing tenderly on her, as the weak and prostrate body of the dying lady was propped up on pillows, clasped hands, a tearful gaze on the emaciated features, and the feeble voice of her mother on her death-bed, floated before her at times, and made

her weep to think that she had so early in life been deprived of her best friend.

There is yet another inmate of Captain Passingham's household whom we must describe.

The Medusa had been for three years on the West India Station, and while cruising about after a severe storm came in with the scattered fragments of a wreck. Lashed to a spar was a lad, with that olive tinge of complexion which denoted that one of his parents was white, the other dark. He was not more than five years of age, and when taken on board so exhausted from exposure that his life was despaired of. On his linen was marked the name of Leon Dassert.

Captain Passingham was a charitable man, and instead of sending him to the workhouse on his arrival in England, he adopted him. The boy could give no information respecting his parents, though he wept incessantly for some time for the loss of his mother. Of his father he seemed to know nothing. His clothes and a few articles of jewellery which were found upon him were put into a bag and carefully placed away, to be of use in identifying him if there should at any time be an opportunity.

He was sent to school and well educated, but he showed no inclination for an active life; he liked sloth, and revelled in idleness. He had a home with Captain Passingham, to whom he appeared grateful for his kindness, though his inclination was vicious, and he passed his time in visiting people residing in the neighbourhood of Stanstead with whom he became acquainted. When annoyed his fits of passion were terrible to witness, and those who knew him were afraid of him. He had been known more than once to rush at an enemy with an open knife, evidently intending to do them a grievous injury, and had been only narrowly prevented.

Though Captain Passingham was somewhat quiet and reserved, he was very popular and extremely hospitable, being able to entertain his friends excellently, as he had a private income in addition to his pay as a naval officer, and he was on visiting terms with nearly every respectable family in his part of the county.

On the evening of the day on which we have introduced Stanstead to the notice of our readers, he expected a few friends to dine with him, and was busied early in the afternoon in making preparations with Ede Block, who was as much attached to his master as was Corporal Trim to my Uncle Toby.

The first to arrive was Mr. Chinner, an attorney, a crusty old bachelor, who from failing health had retired from business in London and came to live in Stanstead, which was his native place. He had an agent in London, and still, with the aid of one clerk, transacted a little business in the country; but his principal delight seemed to consist in contradicting every one, and saying the most disagreeable things that he could possibly think of. Yet he was honest and straightforward, unusually so, people said, for an attorney, and where a man is genuine, his peculiarities are often forgiven him. Mr. Chinner was certainly not an amiable or enjoyable companion. There was always a sense of depression when in his company, and he acted the part of a wet blanket to perfection; but he was an admirable working Freemason, high in office in the Provincial Grand Lodge, and a capital chess-player; latter qualification covering a multitude of vices to those who love the game, which Captain Passingham did with all his heart.

The remaining guests consisted of the Rev. Henry Ingram, the incumbent, his wife and his daughter Fanny, Mr. Everard Bourne and his sister Lily.

Mr. Bourne was scarcely five-and-twenty. He had recently come into a property worth five thousand a year, known as Falling Water. They were orphans; and being much attached to his sister, who was a year or two younger than himself, he insisted upon her taking up her abode with him.

It was impossible to see him and Sweet Eglantine together for any length of time without perceiving that a feeling stronger than friendship existed between them. Everard Bourne was a man highly born and gently nurtured; good old blood flowed in his veins; and going back through the long roll of his ancestry, he could recall historical incidents in which members of his family had played a prominent part. His was a wild nature, and his passions were fierce. Such men as he do not love women, they worship them; and if they are deceived, or place their affections upon an unworthy object, their ruin often follows, and the consequences are terrible. They go utterly wrong, life seems to possess no charm for them, they are blighted as surely as a flower killed in the autumn by the first frost of the coming winter, and they live thereafter for evil.

He was tall and handsome—a very Apollo in appearance—though his manner was rather rough than smooth, his nature impetuous, and his wrath

easily aroused. He was nearly six feet high, ston in proportion, with rich brown hair clustering in curly over his broad forehead. He was undeniably clever, mentally and physically. At Eton he was distinguished for his abilities, having won the Newcastle scholarship, and the next year being captain of the boats and playing in the eleven. At Oxford he took a double first and rowed in the eight, in the annual race with Cambridge, contributing very much to the victory by his skillful pulling and great strength. He could be a fast friend and he could be a bitter enemy. He was fond of quoting Dr. Johnson's remark, "I like a good hater." He kept horses, but not for racing purposes, as he detested the moral atmosphere of the turf. He rode to hounds and could go like a bird across country, the toughest fences having no terrors for him, as he knew his own powers and the staying qualities of his horse. Being an excellent shot, he preserved strictly, though he set his face against the system of batteus, preferring to rely upon skill to fill his bag, and he could land a twenty pound salmon with as much dexterity as any man.

Captain Passingham did not notice the admiration with which Everard Bourne regarded his daughter, but there was one who did, and that was Leon Dassert. His wicked eyes twinkled with malignity when he saw them together, for he too loved the Sweet Eglantine, and his love had a double motive. He was entirely dependent on Captain Passingham's bounty. It is true that he never had to complain of his generosity, for he was freely supplied with money and trusted in every way as if he had been his son, the captain would not have allowed him to be humiliated for the world, but Leon, being a cool, calculating fellow, wished to make sure of the kindness of his benefactor, which he thought he could do by marrying his daughter. Not that he felt only a slight affection for her; he was deeply enamoured of Eglantine. It would have been odd if her charms, which brought all to her feet, should have been ineffectual with the susceptible and passionate Creole. Still we mention the double motive to show that he was of a mercenary nature.

Leon hated Everard Bourne because Eglantine amailed upon him. He saw her eyes brighten when they met and her hand linger in his. It was gall, wormwood, to him to witness this when he had vowed to himself, before Everard Bourne came to settle at Falling Water, that Sweet Eglantine should be his alone.

The dinner party proceeded gaily. It wasn't a dreary, formal affair like many grand parties in Belgravia. Here everyone knew his or her neighbour, and it was not considered to do to discuss the merits of last Sunday's sermon, the clergyman himself inviting the discussion, and defending himself from any adverse criticism. Towards the conclusion of the dinner, Dr. Martin dropped in. A knife and fork were always kept for him, as his duties as parish surgeon were so multifarious that it was often impossible for him to keep any appointment strictly to time.

"The forgiveness of injuries is a very pretty idea," exclaimed Dr. Martin, hastily gathering, from a few words which fell as he entered, the subject of the conversation. "But it is not in nature always to forgive."

"I often wonder," said Captain Passingham, "whether there is some dreadful fate in store for me."

"Why?" demanded the doctor, while the company eyed their host curiously.

"The explanation involves a little story," continued the captain, "which I shall have to inflict upon you to gratify your curiosity. The question of forgiveness of injuries, which was the groundwork of Ingram's sermon on Sunday last, recalled it to my mind. Some years ago, nearly eighteen I think, long before I was gazetted to the command of the Medusa, I had that of a sloop-of-war offered me, with orders to proceed to the China seas. Among the crew was one man of very superior address. He could read, write, cipher, was well read; I once caught him reading Moliere's comedies in French, and laughing heartily at their contents. He was handsome, gentlemanly in his manner, though uncommunicative in the extreme. He was so reserved that he did not become popular with the men, who were much below him in every way. Their jealousy was aroused, and with jealousy hatred goes hand-in-hand only too often. He shipped in the name of Smith Jones. Block remembers him well. He was with me at the time as bo'sun's mate, I think."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded Ede Block, who was standing respectfully behind his master's chair.

"I came to the conclusion that Smith Jones was an assumed name, and that there was some mystery about the man. I confess to having indulged peculiar and extravagant ideas," continued Captain Passingham, "such as, for instance, that he had been guilty of forgery, or committed a murder. When questioned as to what induced him to become

a sailor, he replied gruffly, 'want.' Yet he had not the appearance of a man who had wrestled with famine, and fought a hard battle with poverty, being conquered eventually by his cruel enemy. Well, the man was not liked, and quarrels between him and various members of the crew were frequent. At last he attacked one of the warrant officers, who had been among the most active of his persecutors, and nearly killed him. In those days we did not think so much of flogging in the navy as we do now, and seeing how necessary, to prevent bloodshed, it was to curb and hold in check such a nature as this, I ordered him to receive four dozen with the cat. The man fell at my feet, almost with tears in his eyes, and begged to be spared the disgrace, as he was a gentleman. I turned away with a laugh, refusing to listen to him, and in a few minutes he was securely lashed to a gun, with the bo'sun's mates tickling his back."

"I mind it, sir," put in Ede Block, "for I was one of them. He never moved the whole time or uttered a sigh; so it was not the pain he was afraid of."

"No, no. It was the dishonour as he called it. I know that," returned the captain. "Well, when he was untied and they had thrown his shirt over his lacerated back, he walked straight up to me on the quarter deck with his teeth clenched, and the veins on his forehead swollen to bursting, and his muscles standing out like iron bars. His voice was tremulous with excitement, but he controlled himself by a violent effort. At first, I thought the man was going to strike me, but he only came to say these words, which I have never forgotten—there was something so truthful in the man's manner: 'You have disgraced a man in whose veins flows better blood than your own. It may be ten, twenty, thirty years hence, or it may be in the immediate present, instead of the distant future, but be it when it may, I will exact a terrible vengeance from you, and I swear by all I hold most sacred, that I will be revenged upon you and yours. Mark my words. Revenge upon you, will be one of the objects of my future life.' He turned sharply away and went below. At first I had a good mind to flog him again, but the fellow's determined manner rather frightened me. I thought he might murder me as I slept, and affecting to laugh, I let him go."

There was a profound silence as Captain Passingham finished his recital, which was only broken by the noise which Ede Block, assisted by the page, made, as he removed the cloth and placed the dessert upon the table.

CHAPTER II.

There are depths in man which go the lengths of lowest hades, as there are heights which reach highest heaven, for are not both heaven and hades made out of him, made by him, everlasting miracle and mystery that he is?" Carlyle.

There was an evident disposition on the part of his guests to hear more respecting the strange sailor whom insubordination had brought upon himself the punishment we have mentioned.

Dr. Martin asked:

"What became of him? I am anxious to know if he kept his word."

"Up to the present time, he has not done so," answered Captain Passingham. "But I am often fearful that he will do so. I get nervous when I think of it, not so much on my own account as on that of my Sweet Eglantine—any blow aimed at her would pierce me with double force. The man said 'you and yours' when he was vowing his vengeance—"

The doctor burst into a laugh which interrupted his host.

"This is an instance of weakness I did not expect from you," he said. "We shall have you believing in fortune-tellers, astrologers, and the whole of similar impostors. You will see winding-sheets in candles and attach importance to the ticking of a beetle in a wall. I'll wager my reputation that the man you speak of thought no more of the matter when the pain passed off and his back got well."

"I don't know that," said Everard Bourne. "If he were really a gentleman in reduced circumstances who had been induced to enter the navy as a common sailor through poverty, he would feel the degradation of being flogged most acutely, and I should not wonder at him keeping his word. I feel sure I should do so had I been similarly placed. Yes," he added, with emphasis, "if I had to wait twenty years for my opportunity."

"After all," remarked the Rev. Mr. Ingram, "our friend Passingham was only doing his duty. He did not go beyond the law, nor was the sentence excessive. He was the commander of a vessel on board of which he had to preserve order and discipline at all hazards."

"Threatened men live long," rejoined the doctor; "and if our friend gives way to those silly fancies, I shall have to come up in the morning and prescribe for him."

"And I," said Mr. Chinner, with a smile, "will

pay him an early visit to assist in making his will."

"Don't forget that, Chinner," cried Captain Passingham, hastily, and becoming graver than was his wont. "The very thing that I have been thinking of for some time past. Come, by all means. I will be in until twelve. Consider it an appointment."

"I was only joking," exclaimed Mr. Chinner. "There is no necessity for you to make a will. You are hale and hearty, and have got a longer lease than I. Make a will! Stuff and nonsense. Pass the port and let us change the subject."

"Change the subject by all means," said Leon Danzert, in a low, feminine voice peculiar to him. "But, first of all, let us hear the conclusion of the story."

"Oh, I have not much more to tell," rejoined Captain Passingham. "At the first port we touched at the fellow ran from the ship, and I was not at all sorry to get rid of him. From that day to this Smith Jones, as he called himself, and I have never set eyes on one another, though, if he be alive, I'll undertake to say that he carries the marks of my cat about with him still."

"Perhaps his heart has been turned and he would do you good rather than harm if he had the power," observed Mr. Ingram, who, worthy man, always preferred to look on the bright side of weak and erring human nature.

Captain Passingham shook his head in a melancholy manner, saying:

"That man comes upon me like a nightmare sometimes. It is my firm belief he will keep his word. It is a settled conviction with me, and the secret dread of him is shortening my life."

Eglantine sat very white and still listening to all this, which was a revelation for her. Her hands were clasped and her face showed much alarm.

"Oh, dear, dear papa!" she exclaimed, when he had finished speaking, "you must not say that! You must not, indeed! A silly fancy, as Dr. Martin calls it, must not shorten your life. What should I do without you? Think of me, papa, and drive this horrid phantom away for my sake."

"Yes, darling; it shall be sent away for your sake," answered Captain Passingham, brightening beneath his daughter's influence. "I am stupid to talk like this before you. Forgive me, my dear, and I will not allude to the subject again."

"I do not wish that," she replied. "If you have it in your mind and it gives you relief, papa, dear, to talk about it, do so; let me be no restraint upon you in that way. What I want is a very different thing. I want you to drive the belief in this dreadful man's vendetta right away out of your head. Will you, please?"

"I will do anything for you, pet," replied her father, whose face was full of tenderness for his darling. "There! It is gone. Done with forever. Are you satisfied?"

She smiled through her tears.

"I have some news for you," said Dr. Martin. "The Wilds is let at last, or sold—I scarcely know which. It has been empty now for years."

"Who is the new tenant?" asked Everard Bourne. "I take an interest in what you say, as my property adjoins the Wilds, and I like to know who my neighbours are."

"Who he is, or what he is, I cannot tell you," responded the doctor. "All I know is that his name is George Vigers Morgan. Report says that he has been abroad for the best part of his life and is very rich."

"We must call upon him," observed Lily Bourne. "It will be delightful to have him for a neighbour, if he is a nice man. As a rule, people who have travelled and seen the world are agreeable companions—they are so full of anecdote."

Soon afterwards, in accordance with time-honoured custom, the ladies retired, leaving the gentlemen to sit for half-an-hour over their wine.

In the drawing-room Lily and Eglantine found themselves sitting side by side on the sofa. Mrs. Ingram took up a book and read.

"I suppose, dear," said Eglantine, "that we must put off our sketching excursion to the Wilds, if it is let. Perhaps the new owner would not care about our trespassing on his property, though it is very annoying, as I had got my drawing-book ready for to-morrow and some pencils have just been sent me from London."

"I think we may venture," replied Lily, who was of a more adventurous disposition. "I do not mind, if you don't. If we are seen in the recesses of the grand old park, we can apologise for our intrusion and go away again on being told to do so."

"Very well; as you like, dear," said Eglantine. "I will get Leon to drive me over to Falling Water about ten o'clock, and we can walk from your house."

Both the girls wore very fond of drawing, Eglantine having a decided talent in that direction. Her sketch-book or portfolio contained some unusually fine landscapes, and she thought seriously of trying water-colours or oils shortly. In the Wilds were

some magnificent views which were well worth the attention of an artist.

After some music and singing the party separated at an early hour, Leon Danzert offering to walk home with Mr. Chinner; an offer which was accepted.

As they went along the village, which was hushed in the quiet of night, and bathed in a flood of silver moonlight, Leon said:

"Shall you come up to-morrow to make Captain Passingham's will?"

"Yes," answered the attorney. "I may tell you in confidence that he slipped a draft into my hand as I left the house. I shall have a rough copy made and read it over to him. When he has made all corrections and alterations that occur to him I shall fair-copy it and have it ready for signing. It is an advisable measure to take; for, between ourselves, I do not like the symptoms he showed to-night."

"About the sailor's oath?"

"Exactly. It shows a weakness of the brain, I fear. A trifling circumstance such as he related, occurring nearly twenty years ago, should not worry him in such a way."

"You don't believe that the strange sailor will keep his word?" said Leon.

"I do not," answered Mr. Chinner. "Perhaps the fellow is dead years ago. After all, how can he revenge himself upon a quiet country gentleman, living in a retired part of the country? Supposing he did come home from abroad, he would have some trouble to find him out, and if he did, he would for his own sake hesitate at any deed of violence."

"There are other ways of obtaining revenge," said the crook, "besides taking a man's life away. I should call that a very clumsy means. Strike a man through his affections, and make him live to know suffering; make his hair blanch and his eyes grow red and swollen with weeping; reduce him to such a nervous state that he dare not be alone and will start at the sound of a footstep; rob him of his money and cause the workhouse to stare him in the face; bring some dreadful grief on those he loves best; stain the honour of his children. Do all this, or half of this, and you have a revenge worthy of a determined and vindictive man."

Mr. Chinner looked at the West Indian with astonishment plainly depicted on his countenance.

"A very pretty speech to come from one so young," he remarked. "You seem to be an adept in the science. I should not like to have you for an enemy."

"There is little probability," rejoined Leon, showing his white gleaming teeth, which presented a strange contrast to his dusky lips and black moustache. "I was born under a hot sun, and speak as my blood dictates, though were I on my native soil, an insult would be revenged by a quick blow or a sharp stab. Here I have learnt to be a little cool and calculating. It is necessary to conform somewhat to the manners and customs of the country in which one lives. You did well to call revenge a science. I am in favour of reducing everything to a science, only it is so much trouble."

A tired, weary look came over him. The momentary excitement wrought by the subject on which he had dilated, faded from his face, and he was listless again.

"By the way, what of Captain Passingham's will? Did you read the draft?" he asked, carelessly.

"I have had no time," answered the attorney, "and if I had, I should consider it a breach of etiquette to make any remark about it."

"It matters little to me," said Leon, while a quick bright flash lighted up his eye instantly, like a meteor, fading away again. "If I am not provided for, I have no right to be dissatisfied. Passingham has treated me kindly. I was a waif and a stray on the wide ocean when he found me, and ever since I have lived upon his bounty—what a disagreeable word that is to utter! Yet fortune gave him money, and it gave me none; I have no scruple in taking it from him. It is all an accident of birth and position. We must philosophise a little, my dear sir. If anything should happen to the captain suddenly, as you and Dr. Martin seem to anticipate, I must hope that heaven will temper the wind to the shorn lamb. Good night, Chinner; I shall stroll back."

"Good night—but stop one minute! I want to talk to you in a friendly way," said Mr. Chinner. "Your talking about tempering the wind is all nonsense. You ought to know better. Why don't you put your shoulder to the wheel and do something for yourself. Passingham will help you. Get into some silk or tea house, and go out to China for them after you have learnt the business. You will get five hundred a year, and there is a provision for you. Come, what do you say?"

"I was not made for work. In the clime where my life was commenced, we dream out our lives. We are not like you of more northern countries. You jostle one another in the race for wealth, and the

weakest goes to the wall. I prefer to trust to luck, and let things take their chance. I feel like a man in a boat going down a swift river; the tide must carry me, without any exertion on my part. All I have to do is to look a few yards ahead, and so steer as to avoid danger."

"So you see no rock before you?" asked Mr. Chinner.

"None that I care about. If my boat fall to pieces I can swim," replied the Creole, with a laugh as wild as it was reckless.

They separated—Mr. Chinner thinking him a remarkable young man, for whom he had no particular liking. When he reached his home, which was at the extremity of the village, he sat down in his study after lighting the lamp, and, taking the draft of the will from his pocket, read carefully the scrap of paper which Captain Fassingham had given him.

He made a few notes of his own on a separate sheet, and rose with a yawn to retire to rest, leaving the papers on the table, where he thought they would be perfectly safe till morning. As he blew the lamp out he did not see a face peering at him through the window, the lower part of which was not hidden by the blind, which it would have been had it been drawn down as far as it would go.

When the light was out, and the attorney's footsteps had died away as he ascended the stairs to his bedroom, the sash of the window was gently raised, and Leon Dancert entered the room. He had followed Mr. Chinner, and, standing in the garden, watched him as he read Captain Fassingham's instructions and made notes for the draft of the will. If he had drawn up the blind the moonlight would have streaming in and enabled him to read without difficulty, but this would have attracted attention, probably, from any stray passer-by. There was little danger of any one being about at that hour, yet Leon was not a man to run any risk. He had a box of wax matches in his waistcoat pocket, and he struck one after another until he had mastered the contents of the scrap of paper, which, fragmentary as they were, did not take him long to do.

As he read his face became darker than was its wont and its hard lines more rigid. He grated his teeth together, and his eyes were wild with a subdued rage.

"So," he muttered, "all I am to have is a couple of hundred pounds to enable me to learn some trade, or study for some profession—a paltry two hundred pounds! All the rest goes to Eglantine, as I thought, and she loves Everard Bourne, or I am woefully mistaken. My future does not look very bright regarded from this light."

He quitted the apartment as noiselessly as he had entered it and without being seen by anybody. The words in Captain Fassingham's handwriting which he had read burned into his heart and roused him to fury: "To Leon I leave two hundred pounds, and advise him, as I have fruitlessly done before, to learn some trade, or apply himself to professional studies by means of which he can gain his own livelihood."

"He has brought me up as a gentleman," he said to himself, "and treated me as if I had been his own son, and now he advises me to soil my hands by work, though I do not suppose he means trade in its common sense. He would have me go into a counting-house. It is too bad. To Eglantine he leaves his house, furniture, and fifteen thousand pounds, invested at five per cent.; and she will marry another;" a smile wound round his mouth—a bitter, malicious smile—"not if I can prevent it," he went on. "Sweet Eglantine must be mine, if I am to be saved from beggary."

The small hours had multiplied themselves considerably before he sank on his bed, dressed as he was, hot and feverish, the cool night air blowing in from the open window and fanning his forehead.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL IMPARTIALITY.—It is stated that the King of Portugal has just presented the Grand Cordon of the Tower and Sword to M. Thiers, Marshal MacMahon, Prince de Bismarck, and Count de Moltke. Assuming this to be true, it must be confessed that His Majesty of Portugal has shown rare impartiality in distributing the distinction.

TURNPIKE REMOVAL.—The last of the giant trusts on the streets of London, the "Commercial-roads," was "abolished" on the 5th of August, and all the gates, bars, and tolls removed, and the road from Whitechapel to Barking, Essex, emancipated; the 9th section of the 33rd and 34th Victoria, cap. 73, providing that all the local Acts as to such roads should continue in force till August 5, 1871, and no longer. Some idea of the extent of the imposition levied on traffic on these roads may be formed from the circumstance that the toll receipts returned for the year 1868 were 14,518. 5s. 6d. The trust were the owners of the Barking iron bridge, upon which, in addition to and separate from the carriage tolls, a foot toll of one halfpenny was levied on week days on pedestrians. The abo-

litions, therefore, will not be a benefit to the owners of carriages only, but to tens of thousands of the more humble classes who go to and fro in the locality. This case formed part of the objects of the Toll Reform Committee, which was organised some fifteen years ago.

LIFE'S SHADOWS.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Colonel Redruth returned to the little Twickenham villa, a few hours subsequent to Captain Holm's second visit to Ignatia, he found his daughter in a state of great mental excitement and physical prostration. On being informed of Holm's threats in regard to the little stolen child the first impulse of the Indian officer was to set the police on his track and cause his arrest upon the charge of abduction.

But wiser considerations prevailed.

Captain Holm's arrest could be productive of nothing more than a scandal, which the proud officer dreaded for his daughter only less than death. The divorce had been obtained with small publicity, but Captain Holm's arrest would not only bring the fact of the divorce before every gossip-monger in the kingdom, but would also procure a publication of the story of Ignatia's wilful early marriage. Yet even this degrading publicity Colonel Redruth would have borne if he could have made sure beyond a doubt that the arrest of Holm would cause the restoration to Ignatia of her child. But he had by this time learned so well the remorseless, cruel nature of Holm that he knew no disgrace and no punishment would cause the young man to disclose his little daughter's whereabouts.

"What does he care for disgrace—he who has covered himself with disgrace; who has brought contumely on his name; who has been detected in cheating his brother officers at cards; who has been for three years past but little better than a professional gambler?" thought Colonel Redruth, bitterly.

"He would glory in a public shame if that shame might also envelope Ignatia. I cannot deal with him publicly. Yet I cannot abandon that little child to the fate to which he has doomed her. What am I to do?"

In his strait he telephoned to his lawyer, who went to Twickenham by an early train on the following morning. After a long private consultation between the two gentlemen, they went up to town together, and had a conference with the two detectives in Colonel Redruth's employ.

The result of this conference was to set one of the detectives on the track of Captain Holm.

That young gentleman was easily discovered at a West End hotel, and his comings and goings were speedily under surveillance. He had, however, expected a spy to be put upon his track, and was not long unconscious that his every movement was closely watched. The discovery seemed to afford him considerable secret amusement, and he delighted in leading his "shadow" long chases to Highbury, to Hampstead, and to various other suburban places, all of which were of course worse than fruitless.

About ten days after Captain Holm's second visit to The Larches, and about three days before his intended embarkation for Canada, a letter sealed with black arrived at the villa, addressed to Colonel Redruth. It was brought in to the colonel with his usual morning mail as he lingered at the breakfast-table with his daughter.

"Bad news!" said Ignatia, with a shudder. "Is the letter from Redruth Moor, father?"

"It is from London," said the colonel, examining the postmark.

He opened the letter, uttering an exclamation of amazement as he marked the signature. It was that of Digby Holm. The letter was well written, announcing briefly to Colonel Redruth that his little grandchild, Georgia Redruth Holm, had died of scarlet fever, some five days since, and had been decently buried. Where she had died, and where she had been buried, was not told. Captain Holm made the bare announcement of the child's death, adding simply that the only link between him and Ignatia Redruth having thus been severed by death he should disappear out of her life and trouble her no more.

Colonel Redruth experienced an actual relief, after all his anxieties in regard to the little lost child, as he read this letter and silently handed it to his daughter.

Ignatia read it in a dead silence.

"It is better so," said the colonel, gently, when her stillness became oppressive.

She looked up, pale and anxious, her passionate eyes filled with an expression of terrible foreboding.

"You believe it then?" she asked.

"Yes, Ignatia. Why not? It would give you more pain to know that she is living in ignorance, among brutal, vicious people, would it not? Why should Captain Holm pretend that she is dead when he might inflict upon you this worse misery?"

"If she was dead, why should he tell me?" asked Ignatia. "It would be more like him to let me think her living and suffering. He must know that I would rather believe her dead than in his hands. You don't know Captain Holm, father. The child is not dead. She was a part of my life. I should feel it in the very depths of my being if she were dead. My mother instinct would tell me if this story were true. No; she lives! Captain Holm is more to be dreaded than we thought. He has formed some terrible plan, which he will work out in due time. We can only wait for its development. Oh, my baby! my lost baby!"

Her voice shook with a sudden tremor. She arose and went from the room, hiding herself in the solitude of her own chamber.

"Time is the only physician for a wound like her," sighed the colonel, looking after her with a tender anxiety. "But I believe the child is dead!"

Some three days later Captain Holm sailed for Canada.

Ignatia began to droop after the receipt of the letter announcing her child's death, and her physician advised that Colonel Redruth should take her abroad for change of air and scene.

Accordingly, early in October, the Indian officer, abandoning his project of going to Redruth Wold for the present, took his daughter to Italy.

They wintered at Florence. Under the bright Italian skies Ignatia recovered her health and strength, and more than her former glorious beauty. But those soft skies and balmy airs could not heal her wounded spirit. She was gay and sweet and tender when with her father who adored her, but alone in her own room in the lonely night-time she wetted her pillow with her tears, and moaned in the bitterness of desolation for the little lost child. Often, when she fell into troubled slumber, she would start up suddenly broad awake, fancying that she had heard calling her name the sweet baby voice; and often, when lying between sleeping and waking, she thought she felt again the clasp of those tiny hands, or the pressure of the little golden head nestling in her bosom. But when, starting up eager and panting, she found she had but dreamed, she wrung her hands and cried aloud in utter anguish and abandonment of sorrow.

"If I could only believe her dead!" was the cry that was often wrung from the tortured soul. "I could rejoice if she were but an angel in Heaven; but I know she lives! I know she suffers! I know that she cries for me, and that she has no one to love her. Oh, it is terrible to be so helpless to shield and comfort her in her baby desolation!"

The young mother's grief did not lessen as the months wore on, but she gained an outward cheerfulness that at times half deceived her anxious father. In the spring they went to Switzerland, passing the summer at Geneva. In the following autumn they returned to Italy for a second winter at Florence.

Ignatia dreaded a return to England, where she had suffered so terribly. The detectives had long given over their search for the little lost Georgia, and Ignatia had nothing to hope for by a return to her native country. Colonel Redruth, devoting himself to her, had no desire to hasten to his ancestral home, being content to wait until the edge should have been worn from his daughter's grief, and she should be prepared to take her place as mistress of his house.

A second year was added to the first of their residence abroad. A third year followed, then a fourth, and still they lingered in Italy.

It was in this fourth year that the calm which had fallen upon Ignatia's life was again stirred.

The Redruths had hired a villa just out of Florence, and were maintaining an extensive establishment. Their villa was surrounded by charming gardens and groves, and the place was a sort of Paradise.

In the breakfast-room of this villa, a cool and airy apartment, with wide French windows opening upon a flower-garden, Colonel Redruth and Ignatia were seated by the small round breakfast-table one morning in May. A delicate repast covered the table. The breath of flowers from the garden, deliciously faint and sweet, filled the room. The songs of birds floated in on the soft breeze.

The colonel had grown quite gray in the four years that had elapsed since his return from India, but he carried himself with an air more stately than ever. Ignatia wore light mourning, a white mourning robe with lavender ribbons. Only a faint shade of melancholy upon her superb features told of the deathless grief that dwelt in her soul.

They had nearly finished their light breakfast of coffee, fruits, and rolls, when the butler, an Englishman, who had been summoned to Florence from Redruth Wold, where he had served the elder Redruth many years, entered the room with the post-bag, which was well filled with the English mails.

The colonel produced a key and unlocked the bag, taking out a liberal collection of letters and journals. His favourite English dailies, a few

standard magazines, and a book or two, made up the bulkier portion of the mail. There were several letters, which the officer examined with due deliberation.

"There's one letter for you, Ignatia," he said, giving it to her. "It is from your Aunt Jacob. I should know her angular handwriting if I saw it in South Africa. Here is a letter from Oaks, my bailiff. That is business pure and simple, and may be deferred till breakfast is over. These others seem to be business letters also. There is one from Weldham, my lawyer, and—here is one from Jacob also. Her letters all smack of business, as they treat of crops, the weather, and new-fangled ploughs, but I suppose they are properly family letters. I will read hers first."

"It looks very bulky," observed Ignatia, laying down her own unopened letter. "Aunt Jacob writes such brief letters usually that I fear something may have happened."

"Nonsense, dear," said the colonel, smiling. "My practical sister has sent me a circular of some new farm implement, or an account of her expenses and profits for the last year, or a diagram of her new drains, or plans of the farm cottages she is building, or—"

He cut short his speculations by tearing open the letter.

As he unfolded the large square sheet of Bath letter-paper an enclosed letter fell out upon the table. Letting it lie, he perused Miss Redruth's missive. It was brief, stating simply that she had just received the enclosed letter, which she hastened to forward.

The colonel looked at the letter his sister had enclosed. It was in a black-edged envelope, and was post-marked Canada.

Ignatia saw his face change, and, putting her own letter into her pocket, she rose and came to him, leaning caressingly upon his shoulder.

"If the letter concerns me, father," she said, in a firm, sweet voice, "we will read it together."

"It is from Canada."

"We know no one in Canada save Captain Holm. Yet it is not addressed in his handwriting."

The colonel opened the letter, and the two read its contents in silence. They were as follows :

"Toronto, Canada, April 18th, 1854.

MISS JACOBIA REDRUTH.—I write to inform you that Captain Digby Holm, late of this regiment, is dead. He was drowned upon Tuesday of last week in the waters of Lake Ontario. He went out in a small boat on a pleasure excursion with a fellow-officer. When they had been out for some hours a gale sprang up. On the following morning the boat was washed ashore on Gibraltar Point, bottom upwards. The bodies have not been found. An examination of Captain Holm's effects brought to light a letter addressed to myself. In it were the addresses of Captain Holm's family and of myself, written a year since, with the request to me that, in the event of his sudden death, the tidings should be forwarded to you and to his family without delay. It would thus seem that the captain had long cherished a presentiment of his early death. I enclose a brief notice of the sad event cut from a leading Toronto journal.

"Respectfully yours, THOMAS TODHETLY,
Formerly Ensign in H.M.'s—th Regiment,
now Lieutenant in the—th Regiment,
at present stationed in Canada."

A slip of printed paper was carefully gummed upon the fourth page of the letter. It announced the death by drowning of Captain Digby Holm and Lieutenant Graham, who had gone out for a pleasure excursion upon Lake Ontario, and had been lost in a storm.

"Dead!" murmured Ignatia, in a low, agitated voice. "Dead! And he has taken with him to the other world the secret of my child's whereabouts!"

"My darling, little Georgia is dead."

"Oh, father! she is not dead! I cannot feel that she is dead! Helpless, worse than orphaned, where is she? Oh, Heaven! where is she?"

Ignatia wrung her hands in a sudden frenzy. "Perhaps he also is not dead?" she continued, with sudden suspicion. "This Todhetly must be the friend who was with him in the train that night four years ago. It is evident that the ensign exchanged into a regiment stationed in Canada, so as to be near to Captain Holm. Perhaps they have concocted some new plot between them!"

"I have my army journal by this same post," said the colonel, searching the newly arrived papers. "Here it is. We will see if any mention of the catastrophe is made in it."

He searched the journal narrowly, and presently discovered a brief notice of the death by drowning in Lake Ontario, Canada, of Captain Digby Holm and Lieutenant Graham, of Her Majesty's—th Regiment, on colonial duty.

"There is no doubt about it, you see, Ignatia," the colonel said, displaying the item to her. "His fate has overtaken him. He is dead!"

"Yes, father," Ignatia answered, "he is dead!"

"And with him," said the colonel, "dies the last vestige of your unhappy past. Give up your idea that your daughter lives, Ignatia, and be happy as you deserve. Not a shadow remains to darken your path. No fear of that man's enmity or vengeance can longer assail you. He is dead, and his passions have perished with him. Your child is in Heaven."

Ignatia shook her head.

"She lives," she said, in that steadfast tone her father knew so well. "She lives, and I shall meet her again in this world; but how, or when, or where, Heaven alone knows! I am convinced that I shall meet her again in this life, but I may not know her—my instinct may fail to tell me who she is. Oh, father, is it not hard? Is it not terrible that my life should be so haunted with the fear that she will be so ignorant, so ill-taught, so degraded, that I shall perhaps pass her by—all unknowing who she is—as unworthy to touch my garments? Ah, never was any revenge so complete and so terrible as this of Digby Holm!"

She laid her head against the colonel's shoulder and sobbed aloud. Her father encircled her waist with his arm, and, when she had grown calmer, quietly reiterated his belief that little Georgia was dead. She made no response now to the declaration of his belief, and he imagined that she began to attach a value to it.

After a little she raised her head, and said, gently :

"Forgive me, father, for my weakness. I have buried my past, and will begin my life anew. Let us go to England and to Redruth Wold, your inheritance which I have never seen."

The colonel had waited years for that proposition from her lips, refusing to go without her.

"Are you in earnest, Ignatia?" he cried out, eagerly.

"Yes, father. I am tired of wandering in a strange land. Let us go to Redruth. No one knows me there, and no one can wound me by allusions to the past."

The colonel gladly acceded to her wishes. The household was despatched to England, Colonel Redruth telegraphed to Mr. Oaks, his man of business, and to Miss Redruth, at the Moor, and two days later the exiles set out from Florence for England.

CHAPTER VIII.

REDRUTH WOLD, in the north of Lincolnshire, was one of the stateliest homes in England. It comprehended a wide extent of undulating country, a forest, park, and all the varied features of a grand estate. The grounds extended to the sea, and included a strip of bold bluff, and a small bay or inlet where a dozen ships might lie at anchor and ride out the wildest coast gales in safety.

The mansion had been built upon a hill, half a mile distant from the sea, and was set in the midst of the large park, with a shaded approach of a mile in length. There were wide vistas through the trees in every direction, and the windows of the house commanded glorious views of the North Sea, and of distant villages and hamlets, sunny nooks in the park, and delicious bits of scenery in every direction.

The house was of an ornate style of architecture, centuries old, in fine repair, and one of the first "show places" in the county. Its size and extent may be judged from the frequent boast of the housekeeper at Redruth Wold that she could make up a hundred beds should need arise; and certainly half that number of beds had been occupied in one night repeatedly, in the old hospitable days, when guests came from far and near to attend a ball, and half their number remained until the next day.

It was past noon of a bright, warm May day when Colonel Redruth and his daughter alighted from the railway train at Louth, entered the family carriage that had been sent to meet them, and set out at a brisk pace for the concluding portion of their journey. Those servants who had not been sent on to Redruth in advance followed after the carriage in a spring cart, and the travellers' luggage came last of all in a stout waggon.

The colonel as they swept along surveyed the landscape with kindling eyes.

"My boyhood was spent at Redruth Wold," he said. "I did not dream then that I should inherit it. It seems odd that you, living in the same county, should never have seen the home of your ancestors; but your Uncle Lionel had a peculiarly crabbed nature, and he and Jacob could not meet without quarrelling. Redruth will belong to you some day, Ignatia; so that this is indeed for you a coming home."

"Do you suppose, father," asked Ignatia, thoughtfully, "that the story of my life is known up here?"

"Not generally, at least. Jacob led a secluded life, and had no friends or correspondents near Redruth. The divorce proceedings were conducted very quietly, and we have spent years abroad. While I dislike too much secrecy and abhor false pretensions, I yet cannot bear to open those old wounds

to people who have no right to know of them. You are a widow, and you had best call yourself such. The name of Redruth being so old and honoured, no one will wonder that you resumed it. We will bury the fact of the divorce in our own hearts."

Ignatia assented in silence.

A drive of some miles to the north and eastward brought the travellers to their destination. They wound along past the park, which came close to the highway, being divided from it by a formidable wall, and turned in at the lodge gates, which swung open at their approach.

Pursuing the tree-arched avenue up its stately length, they drew up before the grand facade of the dwelling, and Mr. Oaks, Colonel Redruth's business agent, who was in waiting, opened the carriage door and assisted them to alight, bidding them welcome home.

The colonel's heart swelled as he looked around him upon the magnificent place for the first time since he had become its proprietor. When he had come down that tall flight of stone steps last it was as a younger son going forth into the world to win his way. Now, with his daughter leaning upon his arm, he ascended them as owner of Redruth, and as a gentleman of the first position and influence in the county.

The servants, of whom there was a large company, were assembled in the hall to receive their master and mistress. Colonel Redruth and Ignatia greeted them quietly, and passed into the drawing-room, a grand apartment lighted by two immense bay-windows, one at either end, and three wide French windows at the eastern side. The room was divided by sculptured arches into three, each of great size.

The housekeeper followed her young mistress, and offered to conduct her to her private apartments. Leaving the colonel with Mr. Oaks, Ignatia followed the portly Mrs. Bent up the great staircase to an airy upper hall, from both sides of which doors opened. A suite of rooms over the drawing-room, which was on the ground floor, were those prepared for Ignatia. They comprised four chambers, luxuriously furnished as sitting-room, dressing-room, bed and bath rooms.

"These were the rooms of the late Mrs. Redruth," said the housekeeper. "She ordered this furniture from London the year before she died. You will see that it is quite modern."

Ignatia bowed assent, praised the rooms to Mrs. Bent's content, and was presently left to herself.

An hour later, having changed her dress, she descended to the breakfast-room to the elaborate luncheon which had been prepared for her father and herself. Mr. Oaks was invited to remain, and accepted the invitation. He was full of neighbourhood gossip, and was companionable, being intelligent and a gentleman.

The remainder of the day was passed in examining the house, and in walking about the home grounds. The next morning the stable, being found to be well filled, Colonel Redruth and Ignatia rode out to the sea, examined the condition of the two pleasure-boats lying in the bay, and rode back through Redruth forest at a canter.

In the afternoon of this second day the returned travellers received several calls and visits of ceremony from neighbours. They rode every morning during the week, took one or two sails on the sea, received visits, and entered upon a full and hearty enjoyment of an English country life.

In the second week after their arrival they dined out three times, and attended two parties or assemblies given in their honour. In the third week they gave a dinner, followed by a large evening party, at both of which Ignatia did the honours with stately grace, commanding unbounded admiration by her charming manners and superb yet winning beauty.

There was little or no gossip in the neighbourhood concerning the Redruths. It was understood that Ignatia was the widow of a young army officer, and that, being her father's sole heir, she had resumed her father's name. For how long a period Ignatia had been a widow no one knew, but it was popularly supposed that her husband had been dead some two years. Mr. Oaks perhaps gave a bias to the current belief, but it is certain that no one ventured to address the Redruths upon the matter.

As may be imagined, Ignatia, with her youth, beauty, and vast prospective wealth, became speedily surrounded with suitors. But she was cold to them all, gently repelling them when their attentions became too earnest. She believed that her heart was dead, that she should never love again. The baseness and treachery of one man, she thought, had darkened her life for ever.

She came down the stairs one morning late in the summer, dressed in her riding-habit and plumed hat, and carrying in her hand her jewelled whip. The horses were champing their bits before the door, impatient for the usual morning canter. Ignatia

rapped lightly upon the library door and went in.

Colonel Redruth was sitting at a writing-table, busy with letters and accounts. He looked up smilingly at her entrance, and drew a chair for her at his side.

"You find me very busy this morning, dear," he said. "I shall have to forego my ride, these letters demanding immediate replies. Let the groom attend you—"

"I'll go out for a sail, perhaps," said Ignatia. "The morning is lovely, with a good breeze, and old Tompkins understands the management of a boat thoroughly."

"Very well," said the colonel. "But before you go, Ignatia, I have a letter to show you. It is from young Callender of Callender Place. He tells me that he admires you more than any woman he has ever seen, that he loves you, and he asks my consent to his suit. Here is the letter."

He sought out a heavy white envelope, ornamented with an elaborate crest, and placed it in her hands. Ignatia read the letter, then continued silent, knitting her brows.

"Herbert Callender is a fine young fellow," observed the colonel, endeavouring to read her countenance. "He belongs to an excellent family, and will be an earl some day. He would not be a bad match, even for a Redruth."

"But I do not love him, father."

"Could you not learn to love him, dear? You have closed your heart to all outside influences, and have striven hard to repress every loving impulse of your naturally affectionate nature. Young Callender is handsome, accomplished, and rich."

"Dear father, don't," said Ignatia, in a pained voice. "I have suffered so much at the hands of one man that I can never love another—except you, father."

"My dear child," said the colonel, gently, wheeling round in his chair to face her, "while we were in Italy and you refused your various suitors I said nothing. I knew that the wound that Holm had dealt you had not yet healed. I thought that time, which heals all wounds, would heal that. And when you told me that you so feared Captain Holm that you would not dare to marry again while he lived, I was also silent, believing that fear would wear off. But he is dead. You are doubly free. Surely you will not let his baseness and treachery cloud your whole life?"

"I have no desire for marriage," said Ignatia. "I have no liking for one gentleman above another. How can I tell but Herbert Callender might prove a second Captain Holm? Father, can it be you desire me to marry him?"

"I should like to see you married," replied the colonel, gravely. "If I were to die, you would be one of the greatest heiresses in England. You are young, gifted with every mental and physical charm. You would be beset by a throng of fortune-hunters, and it is quite possible, despite your disinclination for marriage, that you might fall a prey to a man worse than Holm."

"Oh, father, no!" cried Ignatia, raising to his face her dusky, appealing eyes. "I could not marry again. Do not fear for me a fate so horrible."

"Marriage is the natural destiny of woman," said Colonel Redruth, thoughtfully. "You have wedded once and unworthily, but you were a child in years, and could not have been expected to love wisely. Now you are wiser, older, and more capable of judging men. I would not like you to go through life alone. You have not the independent nature of your Aunt Jacob. She suffices for herself, but you have generous sympathies and a nature that finds its chief joy in caring for others. Tell me, Ignatia, is there no void in your heart that even your father cannot fill?"

The pure dark cheeks flushed, but the frank eyes did not fall, as Ignatia answered in the negative.

The colonel sighed.

"I do not care particularly for young Callender," he said. "Only his proposal precipitates what I have desired to say to you for some time. I shall never marry again, Ignatia. I am growing old, but, worse than that, I begin to feel old. So long as a man preserves his youthful feelings he is young, for age does not always count by years. I have known much sorrow. The best part of my life has been passed in a climate peculiarly trying, and I would like to spend my remaining years in quiet repose. I should like to have around me little children—my own descendants. To give voice to the great question that frequently occupies me, I should like to know who will succeed me at Redruth in the days to come—who will rule here when we are gone."

Ignatia looked surprised—startled.

"You have not thought of this?" said her father, after a brief pause. "But I have thought of it for years. Should you die after Jacob, and without issue, Redruth will revert to the crown, for, besides you and Jacob, not one of our line now exists. I have an Englishman's pride in my name and race, Ignatia. I cannot bear that the name should die

out and the grand old place become an appanage of the crown. Yet, if you refuse to marry, my dearest hopes in life will be balked. You do not know how I desire that my descendants should succeed me in my inheritance."

Ignatia made no answer, but her nobly beautiful face paled, and a troubled look appeared in her eyes. "You will think over what I have said?" said the colonel. "What answer shall I return to Callender's letter?"

"I do not love him," cried Ignatia, in an agitated voice. "If—if I were to marry, I should choose differently. Tell him as gently as you can, father, that I cannot marry him. I have not encouraged his attentions, and did not expect the honour he has done me."

Colonel Redruth looked pained and disappointed.

"I will tell him," he said, quietly. "But I hoped the answer might have been different."

"Father, how can I wrong any man by marrying him when the mystery of my child's fate hangs over me at times like a heavy funeral pall?"

"Why will you not believe, as I do, that she is dead?"

"Oh, father," said Ignatia, with an outburst of passionate sorrow, "there is something that tells me here," and she put her hands to her heart, "that my child lives. I know that she lives, but the secret of her fate is buried in the waters of Lake Ontario with her father."

The colonel wondered in his heart if Ignatia's often-expressed conviction was indeed a mother's instinct, or if it was a fancy which in time would wear away.

He was still meditating when Ignatia bent towards him, her long plume brushing his cheek.

"I will think of what you have said, father," she whispered. "I will not willingly grieve you, or disappoint your hopes. I will go out for my sail, and will try to see my way clearly while I am gone. Father," she added, hurriedly, as if fearing her determination would forsake her, "you need not answer Mr. Callender's letter while I am gone. Perhaps I may change my mind about refusing him."

She kissed the colonel, who embraced her tenderly. Then she tore herself loose and ran from the room. She went down the great hall slowly, the flush fading from her cheek, and descended the steps of the porch. Her groom, a tall, straight, grey-haired servitor, assisted her to mount. She sprang lightly from his hand into her saddle, ordered him to follow her, and set out on her ride to the sea, proceeding through the park rather than by the high-road.

The morning was very beautiful, and a little cool for August. Ignatia cantered on through the delightful checkered shadows of the park, and came out upon the headland, where two or three cottages were clustered. Here she dismounted, giving her horse in charge to the groom, and walked to the cottage nearest the sea.

The door was open. A woman was at work within. She greeted Ignatia with a smile and a courtesy, asking her to enter.

"I have not time, thank you," returned the young lady, courteously. "I have come for a sail. Where is your husband?"

"He went to Saltfleet this morning, ma'am, with a neighbour. My brother can manage the boat though. He's down on the beach now, ma'am."

She pointed him out on the beach below, and Ignatia, bidding the groom await her return, turned into a well-worn sidelong path that led down to the beach. The Redruth boats—a couple of pretty pleasure sloops of small size—lay in the bay, in the lee of the shore. Upon the sands a row-boat was drawn up, and near it, his hands in his pockets, stood a gruff, sailor-looking individual, with a black, stubby beard, closely cropped hair, a tarpaulin hat, and a sailor jacket.

Ignatia recognised the man, he having assisted Tompkins on one or two occasions in the management of the larger boat, and she addressed him, desiring him to take her out for a sail.

He took off his hat to her, saying, with an apprehensive look at the sky:

"It's coming on to blow, ma'am, and we're likely to have a storm."

"On such a day as this?" exclaimed the young lady, with an incredulous smile. "Why, there's scarcely a cloud visible. We will go out, Jallop, but not far, and we will hurry ashore at the first indication of a storm."

Jallop muttered assent, and Ignatia seated herself in the row-boat and was rowed to the smaller of the two sloops—a little open boat large enough to seat a score of persons. Ignatia climbed into the sloop, Jallop followed her, and secured the row-boat by a stout cord to the stern of the sloop, set the sails, and they went skimming out of the bay, over the blue and shining water.

Ignatia had developed a passion for the sea. She loved to sit in silence in the boat and watch the sky and the waters, and the white sails in the distance. Now, as the boat flew on under the skilful guidance

of Jallop, who was her father's devoted retainer, she gave herself up to thought upon the great question her father had mooted just before her departure from home.

What should she do? accept young Callender or some other suitor, and make her father happy; or refuse to marry, and cloud the last days of that father who had been so generous, so tender, so loving to her? It was a hard question.

She was so preoccupied with it that she did not notice the little cloud "no bigger than a man's hand" gathering in the horizon. Yet steadily it grew in size and blackness, mounting up toward the zenith. The air grew chilly. The sea-gulls flew past screaming. The fishing-boats along the coast began to make for the shelter of the shore.

"It's time we were turning about, ma'am," said Jallop, rousing himself from a trance-like reverie as a strange roaring sound began to be heard. "The storm is coming."

Ignatia aroused herself also, and looked up.

"We must go back directly," she said, with decision. "How the sky has darkened!"

"It will be a sharp squall," said Jallop, uneasily. "I wish Tompkins were here. He's a better hand with a boat than I am. I'm a fisherman, mostly. I think we'll have some trouble in getting in-shore."

While speaking he had put the little craft about with clever dexterity. The sheet was duly secured, and the sloop was beginning to bound away upon her homeward course, when a sudden squall burst full upon the broad canvas with tempestuous fury.

In an instant the sloop had capsized.

"Cling to the bottom of the boat, ma'am," cried Jallop, in panic. "Where are you?"

A horrible uproar of wind and sea drowned his voice. He hurled himself upon the boat, and strained his eyes through the spray and the sudden yellow gloom to catch sight of his young mistress. Presently he saw her on the opposite side of the overturned boat, her hat gone, her hair torn from its fastenings, and straying in wild confusion over her shoulders, her pale face upturned and drenched with the leaping waves.

Jallop shouted to her to catch the rope that trailed past her on the waters.

She heard him, and obeyed his command. Jallop climbed upon the keel of the capsized boat and drew her nearer, so that presently she clung to the keel of the boat with both her desperate hands.

Jallop tried to clear the wreck, clinging to the boat on the side opposite his young mistress. The hull sank lower and lower as the air filtered out of the cockpit. The waves were soon buffeting the unfortunate heavily.

The squall raged for many minutes with terrible fury. A deafening sound filled the air. The turned boat plunged now and then, as if hands were dragging her downward. It seemed to Ignatia as if hands were clutching at her garments, trying also to drag her downward.

The fury of the squall was at its height when a woman's voice—Ignatia's—shrieked and pierced, sounded in Jallop's ears above the gale and the roaring sea.

"I cannot hang on longer," she cried. "My hands are numb. My strength is all gone. Tell my father—tell—"

The voice was drowned in the noise of the elements. Ignatia's head fell back into the surging waters, and Jallop saw that she had fainted from utter exhaustion. Before he could cry out her benumbed hands relaxed, and the next instant she had vanished under the waters.

(To be continued.)

A huge animal of the salamander species has been discovered in Western China. This gigantic reptile inhabits the clear and limpid waters which descend from the Ku-Ku-Noor mountains, and it attains a weight of from twenty-five to thirty kilograms. It is of great value as an article of food to the inhabitants of the country.

An old woman (said to have been the oldest inhabitant) has lately died at Rescommon. Her name was Biddy Higgins, and, according to her own account, she was 110 years of age. She was known to have been beggar in the town and county forty or fifty years ago, and she was then considered an old woman.

RAISING A SUNKEN IRONCLAD.—Efforts now making to raise the monitor "Weehawken" sunk in Charleston harbour during the late American civil war, reveal the facts that she lies due east and west on a bottom of mud, and there is about eight feet of water over her at low tide. In this position she is a dangerous obstruction in the channel. All her machinery has been taken up, and likewise the iron of her turret and deck. Her interior is all filled with mud and garbage, among which human bones are here and there visible. The diver is able to see about him when the water is clear. When the water is not clear he is com-

pelled to go entirely by feeling, and in the muddy water, it is said, he sees better by night than by day, owing to the presence of innumerable phosphorescent animalculæ. Over two hundred tons of iron and various metals have been raised from this ship.

THE CROSS OF SACRIFICE.

My ship, the "Goodspeed," was bound for India. She had been one of the very best vessels afloat, and, though she had seen much hard service, yet we had no reason to doubt her continued seaworthiness. It is not my purpose to tell of the fearful storm through which we passed. Suffice it to say that for three days and three nights our hatches had been battened down fore and aft, and that for most of that time we had been literally under water. My last observation had shown us to be in latitude thirty-four degrees south, and longitude five degrees and fifteen minutes east; so we must have been some four hundred miles west of the Cape of Good Hope. During the fourth night of our durance the storm abated, and just as we were congratulating ourselves that the worst was over a new and appalling calamity burst upon us.

It was just at the break of day that our boatswain, Hobart, came on deck with blanched face and quaking frame, and announced that the ship had sprung a leak! I set the men at work at the pumps, then went into the hold; but I was quickly driven back by the surge of water. Exactly the nature of that leak I never knew, but I could only surmise that some of the ribs must have been broken during the gale, and the planking knocked in. The cargo had held the planks in place for a time, but as the bulk shifted under the heavy rolling and pitching the water found ready entrance.

A very little reflection told me that pumping would be useless, so I ordered the long-boat to be cut away and got over the side, and while my chief mate superintended the getting out of water and provisions I went to my cabin and gathered up such articles as I thought might be of use. My cabin-boy, Charley Loring, helped me, and together we secured my nautical instruments and charts, then my pistols and ammunition, and then a case of spirit, then my medicine-chest,—and then the water drove us out.

Meantime my mates had been busy, but the incoming flood had thwarted their best intentions. They had got out the boat's sail and oars, and had secured two bags of bread and a single barrel of water—no more! The bread-room had been flooded, and they had found only what the cook had brought up on the previous night.

Twenty-two of us got into that long-boat—and we got in speedily, for the ship was going down—going so fast that her foretop-sail yard-arm almost touched us as she plunged down into the grave of waters. A heavy sea was running, and in the frantic endeavours to get beyond the danger of being engulfed with the ship one of our bags of bread was knocked overboard, and we could not regain it!

We were in the latitude of changeable winds, with north-westerly currents predominating; and when sail had been set I laid the boat upon an easterly course, and by noon the sea had so far abated its turbulence that our frail craft rode with comparative ease. Foreseeing the necessities which might arise from scarcity of provisions, I bade the crew to select a commission, or committee of three, whose pleasure in the distribution of bread and water should be absolute. My two mates and myself were selected. After this I divided the crew into four watches, and made such other arrangements as I deemed necessary, being careful above all things else to keep a sharp look-out for friendly sailors.

Of our eager, painful, and unrequited watchings, of our fruitless baiting for sharks, and of our shifts, to gather moisture from the atmosphere for our parched and burning tongues, I shall not speak. They can be better imagined than described. On the fifth day our bread and our water were exhausted, and on the sixth the last drop of spirit had gone from my case. Then followed a season of suffering such as only those can realise who have passed through the dreadful ordeal. Men who had been instinct with reason and brotherly love grew first weak and faint, then became savage and inhuman. I saw the demon in glaring, bloodshot, feverish eyes, and I sat in dread. Oh! for the gleaming of a sail upon the empty horizon, or for the looming of land through the cheerless space! But the hope came not.

We had been three days without food—three days without drink! Shoes had been cut into strips and chewed, the leather had been gnawed from the ears; the dampness of the night air had been sucked from blanket and from canvas; and it seemed that suffering nature could endure no more. The fact that I held the place and responsibility of command gave me a power of will over physical weakness which the others did not possess.

At length, on the morning of the fourth day of fasting, the insatiate horror broke loose. I saw the men, with ghastly, tortured faces, in conference, and soon the boatswain spoke.

"We must have food!" he hoarsely gurgled. "There is no help from sail or shore. There is no need that all should die, when the sacrifice of one may save the rest!"

A hideous murmur of approbation told me that he spoke the will of his fellows; and I quickly discovered that two of my mates were with them.

What could I do? I could no longer rule, and opposition would be worse than useless. I told the boatswain, if the thing must be done, that he must superintend it.

"And I'll do it fair! I'll do it fair and honest!" he cried, staggering to his feet. "Before Heaven we'll stand an equal chance!"

I asked them to wait; but I asked it of dying men, and they would not listen. Peter Hobart took one of my books, and tore therefrom a blank leaf which he cut into twenty-one strips. I asked him why he had omitted the twenty-second. He replied that they had agreed not to count in their captain. I blessed them with tears in my eyes, but made them put in the twenty-second slip, which was done without further opposition. Then the boatswain, with a black pencil, drew a cross upon one of the slips, after which he closed them up in the book, with an end of each sticking out: and it was arranged that he who should draw the cross should die that his companions might live.

I drew first. I had determined that I would have no part in the awful feast, shrinking therefrom with absolute horror; but I would bear my share of the fatal burden. I drew a blank.

After me they drew according to rank. The boatswain staggered on, and with trembling hands each drew forth his fate. Some drew hesitatingly, and with gasps of fear, while others jerked out their slips with insane eagerness. At length all had drawn save the cook, the cabin-boy, and the boatswain; for as Hobart held the book he had agreed to take the last chance.

It was Charley Loring's next turn. He was a sunny-haired boy, true and faithful, who had entered upon the sea-faring life with the determination, if he lived, to reach the top of the ladder. Of the three slips he selected the one nearest him, and drew it forth. We all saw it—saw that it bore the fatal Cross!

The boy sank back and uttered a suppressed cry. For a little while he crouched away, with his face hidden in his hands, and the only sound which broke the eternal monotony of wind and wave was a murmuring as of a whispered prayer. When he next looked up his marble features were fixed in a cast of heroic resolution.

"Shipmates," he said, "I am willing to die. I forgive you for the fate. I only ask that you will strike surely, and spare me unnecessary pain.—Let my mother never know.—Tell her that her boy fell overboard.—And now—let it be done quickly."

Who should strike the blow? The boy had been a favourite, and the men had loved him.

"Looke' e, messmates," said the boatswain, after a long pause, "the boy has fairly drawn the cross, and it is his fate to die; but I will wait till night. We can live till then."

They all agreed, though a few of them were very reluctant. Charley thanked them, and tried to hope for the best.

The day passed slowly away, and the evening came. Several of the men had become delirious, and were with difficulty restrained from violence. A buckskin undervest, which I had worn thus far, I took off, cut into strips, and distributed among the crew. As the sun's lower disc touched the horizon one of the madmen demanded the sacrifice.

Yet who should strike the fatal blow? Mad as they were there was something to them appalling in the thought of striking the death-blade into the heart of the brave and uncomplaining boy. Finally they agreed to draw lots to see who should strike, and the lot fell upon Peter Hobart. The boatswain, though one of the first to agree to the hazard of sacrifice, was at heart kind and true; and, moreover, Charley Loring had been his pat.

"Boys," he said, doggedly, "I can live till morning. Let it be till the sun comes up again, and I'll do the work; but I won't do it now."

Some of the crew swore loudly in opposition, and threatened to take the work into their own hands.

"Avast!" cried Hobart. "I tell ye, boys, when this work comes right home to me it looks different from what it did. 'Twould be more like men, and like true shipmates, for us to live or die together. But if you'll let the lad live till morning, I won't ask any more favours."

They were forced to give in. And again the victim had respite.

The night came, and the dew fell heavily—more heavily than before,—and the men gained much cooling to their parched tongues. Yet they suffered beyond computation, and it was evident that death,

in some shape, must speedily visit us if we found not relief.

With the first dawn of morning the demand came for the sacrifice of the doomed boy. Peter Hobart bowed his head, and shut his hands hard upon his knees.

"I do not blame you, Peter," said the lad. "Don't let your hand tremble. I shall die of suspense if I am left in this state much longer; so you'll be doing me a favour to kill me quickly and surely."

Just then a loud cry from the second mate, who was stationed in the bows, startled the crew.

"Look! look!" he shouted, pointing ahead.

"It is land!" exclaimed another.

Ay—it was land; and we were close upon it; and through the thin veil of the morning mists we saw a low beach of white sand, with green trees beyond. Men who had been fainting were now strong enough to take the oars, and in a very short time we were upon the dry land, thanking Heaven for its goodness.

The place was an outlook of Table Bay, and Cape Town was not far distant. We found some Dutch settlers, who kindly cared for us and nursed us, and the only ones of our number who did not recover were two men who killed themselves with over-drinking.

Charles Loring still lives, and has long since reached the top of the nautical ladder, having commanded some of the finest ships afloat. The last time I saw him was at his own house, and Peter Hobart was with me. His sweet wife welcomed us with joy, and the little ones clung to us affectionately.

S. C. J.

DREAMS.

As a rule, dreams may be said to be in some sort of way or another the reproductions, caricatured, distorted, jumbled up, of our daily existence, and they may generally be traced to something, however unimportant or much forgotten, of what has been—in fact, that they are merely to our lives what the shadow on the wall is to the candle that burns on the table, and that they have no life or separate existence of their own. But there are dreams in which this is not the case—dreams that take the initiative, and after which the real life follows—dreams that distinctly, as the image in a mirror throws back the thing before it, show to the dreamer things that have not taken place, but are yet to come, and what can equal the surprise of that dreamer when, days or weeks or months afterwards, suddenly, as such an event takes place, or such a remark is made, he remembers that he has once before in his life said and done, or seen and heard, all that is now going on—and it was in a dream?

But, naturally, as our dreams are not ticked off "This is a prophecy," or "This is merely a nightmare," we cannot be expected to heed them, as in that case we should spend our time, like people who are afraid of beginning any work on Friday, or of sitting down thirteen to dinner, in an agony of fear, displacing all our plans and arrangements according to the bugbears of the night, and trembling for those who, refusing to do likewise, seem to be running into some hideous danger, against which they themselves, or we for them, had been "warned in a dream." Of course, just like presentiments, for one that comes true a thousand do not; so it is with dreams. Of the same nature as the dream prophetic are the dreams that lead to the discovery of lost things, dreamed, not by the person who either lost or placed them where they are found, as that would belong to dreams of memory, but by some third person, who seems in sleep suddenly to have been given with second-sight. It is this (almost a miracle, worked for no apparently greater object than the finding of an old shawl or a worthless umbrella, for these inspirations seldom or ever come about things of consequence) which is so unaccountable, and which seems to us poor mortals so objectionable; and we ask perversely why, at some great crisis in our lives, we were not given the power that wasted on our old clothes, was so valueless, but which, had it been bestowed on us then, would have been so priceless.

DISCOVERY AT NEWBATTLE ABBEY.—In the course of some operations which have been going on at Newbattle Abbey the discovery has been made of what is supposed to be the burial vault of Mary de Couci, Queen of Alexander II., and mother of Alexander III., who was buried in that abbey about the middle of the thirteenth century.

THE PROPOSED CHANNEL TUNNEL.—The much-talked-of tunnel across the Channel, between England and France, is now in a fair way of being carried out. It is stated that the plan of M. de Gamond has been accepted by the French Government. The works, which are estimated to cost about 12,000,000£, will be commenced on one side at Dieppe, and on the other side at Newhaven.

Marriage Bells.

POLKA.

KARL EMILE.

Vivace.

PIANO. { *p Leggiere.*

ff FINE. p stac.

D.C.8

Minore. Espress.

fz

p dolce.

cres.

Coda. Vivace.

tacet

Marriage bells.

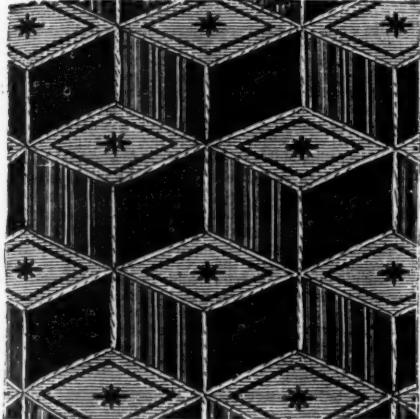
cres.

f FINE.

SOFA CUSHION, EDGINGS IN EMBROIDERY, MEDALLION, FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, &c., &c.

SOFA CUSHION.—Nos. 1 & 3.

THIS cushion is made of different coloured pieces of satin or silk, and an embroidered star at the top of each block in floss silk of any colour. It depends upon what colour satin is used; if green, yellow floss silk would look best. Illustration No. 3 shows the cushion finished, and No. 1 represents the full size manner of working. A silk fringe surrounds it.



SOFA CUSHION IN FULL SIZE.—No. 1.

EDGINGS IN EMBROIDERY.—Nos. 2 & 5.

For this edging flat stitch, point piqué, and stem stitch are employed. To the outer edge a false hem is applied. Embroider the middle part of the clover leaf in flat stitch, then follows stem stitch, and finally point Russe.



EDGING IN EMBROIDERY.—No. 2.

MEDALLION IN WHITE EMBROIDERY.

No. 4.

CHILDREN'S dresses are rendered particularly becoming by this trimming, or it may be applied to cravats and ladies' kerchiefs. As a material mull is preferable to book muslin, and fine embroidery cotton should be selected for the design. The surrounding trimming is of Valenciennes lace. The joining on is concealed by strips of batiste embroidered.

FASHIONS.

BOYS' SUITS.—The blouse is of the simplest construction, having merely seams under the arms and on the shoulders. All blouses are made quite short at present, those for a boy of seven years extending only about a finger-length and a half below the natural taper of the waist. The belt is a separate piece of the material bound on each edge with braid, and attached to the blouse by a strap of the binding sewed on each seam under the arms and buttoned in front. It is the fancy to wear the belt very low, giving a long-waisted and easy appearance to the costume. The pockets are on the inside, with a flap showing just below the belt. The breast pocket is

usually a sham. A large sailor collar is added with a white star embroidered in the corners. The collar is used on all materials, but the nautical ornaments only with blue and white suits that are worn in the summer. The knickerbockers are not the baggy-looking garments that were once worn in imitation of Zouave trousers. All fulness at the top and the wide Zouave belt are dispensed with. The trousers are shaped to fit the figure, and are supplied with an inner waistband having buttonholes to fasten it to a white shirt-waist. The legs are made two inches longer than knee-breeches, and are not so much sloped about the knee. An elastic band is placed in the hem, and worn just above the calf of the leg, allowing the trousers to droop merely enough to hide the hem. These are far more trim and graceful than the knickerbockers formerly worn. Plain white and striped linens or cambric are used for the shirt-waists. For summer wear blue twilled flannel is the fabric most used for these suits, especially when got up in sailor fashion. These suits have bindings and straight lines of black and white braid. Much trimming is incongruous with their *négligé* design. Dressy suits of white duck, trimmed with blue or with white braid are also seen. Serviceable suits for school are of heavy gray and brown linens, with or without bindings or any trimming. Autumn and winter suits are now being made by this pattern in the boys' departments. The materials are gray Cheviots and heavier cashmere, lined throughout. The low shoe called the Oxford is in favour for small boys. Long stockings are most worn with knickerbockers, though it is not unusual to see short socks, just reaching above the buttoned gaiters, leaving the plump limb bare below the calf.

CHINTZ SILKS AND PERCALES.—Lyons silks, gauze, and percales of the latest manufacture revive the chintz designs worn by our grandmothers. The grounds are gray, dove-colour, or light buff, sprinkled with bouquets of flowers in their natural tints, bluebells and field poppies mixed with wheat ears. Chintz silks are made up in antique fashion with flounced over-skirts draped above kiltpoled skirts of solid-coloured silk matching the ground of the over-skirt. Worn with this is a fichu of folds of clear white lawn or of tulle, or else a chemisette of folds is disclosed by the pointed or square opening now seen with vest fronts. An elegant Chambéry gauze dress, just sent from a Parisian house, is white with a chintz stripe at intervals. The corsage has a postilion-basque with a novelty in the

a new way to trim white alpaca. This is not the pearl-tinged, poor-looking white, but a soft, creamy tint, and the trimming is bindings of palest Nile green gros grain on flounces of the alpaca deeply scalloped. A single wide flounce is on the lower skirt, narrow ruffle on the short upper-skirt, while the basque and sleeves are merely scalloped.

A ROYAL ROMANCE.—Apropos of the recent marriage of the Prince of Wied and Princess Mary of Holland, it is stated that the Princess Mary,

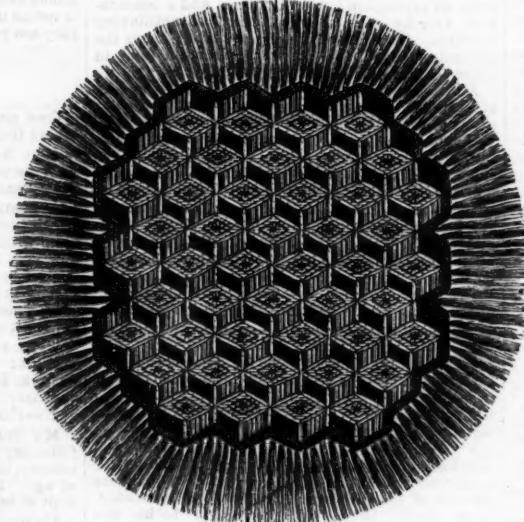


MEDALLION IN WHITE EMBROIDERY.—No. 4.

daughter of Prince Frederick of Holland and the Princess Louisa, sister to the King of Prussia, completed her 30th year on the 5th July. She is heiress to one of the largest fortunes in Europe, and, like Madlle. de Montpensier, had been asked for in mar-



EDGING IN EMBROIDERY.—No. 5.



SOFA CUSHION.—No. 3.

shape of a vest front that has the neck cut low and square, showing a chemisette of folds of white tulle arranged in shawl fashion. The sleeves are half-flowing, with an inner plating of tulle and lace. There is no over-skirt, but a demi-train with seven narrow pleated flounces. Cunning little bows of chintz ribbon are set at intervals down the two front seams on each side. This is intended for a dinner dress. Accompanying it is an elegant morning dress to be worn by a brunette. It is of palest écrù foulard, made open in front, a Watteau fold behind, a slight train, half-flowing sleeves, and bordered all round by a Swiss muslin plating edged with Valenciennes and headed by a band of black velvet. A third dress offers a suggestion to those who wish for

riage by all the lack-land princes of both hemispheres. None, however, found favour in her eyes. One day in travelling she met the young Prince of Wied at a lunch in the palace of the Prince of Hesse, and from that moment her affection was fixed. The Prince is only 25 years of age, and is younger brother of the Princess Charles of Roumania. By his mother he is allied to the House of Nassau. When scarcely of age he found himself at the head of the mediatised sovereign House of Wied. He has continued to reside at the palace of Neuweiß, the former capital of his father's states. Those who know the calm and patriarchal existence which reigns in that pleasant seat will not wonder that the Princess Mary should have preferred it to the splendour of a royal palace with its train of troubles and deceptions. An incident of the betrothal of the Princess Elizabeth of Wied with the Prince of Roumania may be remembered. It was on a Sunday. The Prince went to church, and what was his surprise to see his future bride take her seat at the organ and afterwards direct a chorus of children! At breakfast was served an immense cake made by the same fair hands that were afterwards to be given to him. The Prince was delighted with those customs, almost biblical in their simplicity, and expressed the

pleasure he felt at the tokens of affectionate respect with which his betrothed was everywhere received. It is not often that the daughter of a regal house evinces so strongly that natural good sense and that sweet disposition which cause their possessor to find her greatest pleasure in ministering to the enjoyment of others.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

WHAT next? we are apt to exclaim when we behold the warlike helmet coiffure—the helmet formed of beautiful ebon or golden tresses; the Tower of Babel pile of flowers, feathers, and ribbon, placed on the smallest possible strip of rice straw, chip, or Leghorn, by way of a claim to be called a bonnet; or the oval plate made of stout net, edged with wire, covered with satin, the *tout ensemble* richly trimmed, but placed so far forward on the head as almost to rest upon the nose. Well, there is much to be said in favour of the last-mentioned "bonnet."

If not carried too far, it is well calculated to protect bright eyes from September's ardent beams; but then, what becomes of the ears, the hinder part of the neck, etc.? With a view to the latter, we recommend the visitor to the seaside, and the tourist to adopt the *chapeau entier* until cool and welcome evening sets in; then let our belles' hats or bonnets be as elegant as their costume.

The *chapeau entier*, or round hat, need not necessarily be dowdy or rococo.

We will assist our readers in the selection of a few. A fine Dunstable, called by the French *paille Anglaise*, with a wreath of wild roses; no lining should be perceptible, but for comfort it should be lined with clear muslin and have a headpiece and strings of the same. Where strings are objected to have an elastic under the chin; and here, we may observe, that no seaside hat should be worn without elastic or something to secure it.

Where a round chip hat is preferred a black velvet trimming has an excellent effect. Feathers are not quite in character with the round hat; but if worn at any kind of *réve*, then they are advisable, and in *oiseau*, with sprig of laburnum and *oiseau* ribbon, this hat will show off a brunette beauty, while a black straw lined with blue satin, turned up at each side, and with a full wreath of blue-bells round the crown, would exactly suit a fair belle.

Dismissing the subject of hats, we take this opportunity of paying a compliment to the spirit of Fashion. The goddess of the present day is not a bigot, nor is she easily shocked. Of course such monstrosity as the old-fashioned coal-scuttle bonnet she could not brook; but how many old fashions she tolerates! Even the plain skirt excites no contempt, although four flounces, themselves adorned with flounces in miniature, are quite *à la mode*. Or dresses may have the second and third skirt caught up on either side, while the flounced tunic furnishes an upper skirt to which the corsage is attached.

Meanwhile variety in colour and material are in favour, and the upper skirt lighter in every respect than the under is adopted by the *beau monde*. Owing to this fancy, even a muslin dress of last year may be made available, and as a frilled tunic has a remarkably pretty effect on a black or dark skirt. If black the muslin tunic dress should be of coloured or flowered muslin, unless the fair wearer should be in complimentary or court mourning.

Before we take a final leave of the skirt we must caution our readers against extremes in the "improver" or "bustle" as it was called forty years ago. We now see improvers that render the very name a contradiction, for they make the wearers quite laughing-stocks. One of these hot days the wearers of these excessively large "improvers" will find their promenade arrested—some tired pedestrian will have mistaken the improver for a seat and settle down on it accordingly.

Now for a more agreeable subject—the exquisite colours and materials we recommend for early autumn wear: the cool maroon, steel-gray, or mauve foulards; the rich blue or sable *mouillée* in gros grain for paletois, which, by the way, are made half-fits—the remarkably graceful and full-frilled muslin paletots should be tight fits; but rich satin for matured beauty. If the brunette, the *oiseau* or deep rose; if the blonde, the Cambridge blue or Persian lilac. For a tall and unquestionably fine figure the Gabrielle is the evening promenade dress that we particularly recommend. But the dress-maker who undertakes this Gabrielle must be very certain of her capability. At the waist it must fit without a wrinkle, yet the skirt must be perfectly ample. We recommend a full-coloured gros grain for this Gabrielle. The richness of the silk will only admit of one flounce, and this should be put on in *godet* pleats. Let the sleeves be half full,—the under-sleeves of muslin and Valenciennes lace, the collar to cor-

respond. The Diva bonnet should be worn with this dress. The material of the bonnet should be crêpe lace of pearl white. Rich ostrich feathers on *décadence* should form the principal trimming, and these should be tipped with the same colour as the dress. The lappets to be white.

We now proceed to describe an evening promenade dress for a young lady in her teens, but already brought out.

Let the costume be of pink and white *glaçé*. The under-skirt pink, the upper white and pink striped. Observe that the upper is open at the sides. The striped bodice has basques. Both bodice and tunic are richly trimmed with pink fringe. Bruges lace under-sleeves and collar. Bonnet of white chip, trimmed with bunches of pink roses, mounted, the veil of spotted tulle, hanging down behind with streamers of black velvet, the strings of black velvet ribbon knotted under the chin. Apropos, of black velvet, spite of the season, it is not disused as trimming. For morning toilettes it is approved of as a trimming in repeated stripes on the skirt and bodice, and this is the case when the morning-dress is of white batiste.

As a *résumé*, we may observe that, if anything, the waists of dresses are shorter rather than longer. Mauves and grays are among the most favourite colours, but a strange mixture is much patronised by the mode—viz., black and straw colour.

FIDGETS.

It is one of the peculiarities of fidgety men that they are everlastingly imagining themselves ill. In many instances they are, perhaps, in the first place, slightly unwell, but they make themselves fifty times worse than they would otherwise be by continually brooding and mourning over every little ailment which afflicts them. If they have the slightest pain, either in their toe, their head, or their tooth, they set up a howl of lamentation, and invite manifestations of pity, and, if these are not bountifully accorded them, they are highly incensed and mortified. In the sitting-rooms in which they choose to while away their day, every window (even if the thermometer stands at 86) must be tightly closed, so must the door, and all the little cracks and crevices in the walls, floor, and elsewhere, must be carefully stuffed up with cotton wool or some other equally adaptive substance. The fidget must have a fire, a bright, ruddy, glowing fire, and yet he is not warm enough. He will shiver, and wheeze and shrug his shoulders, and grumble. Woe to the unhappy wight who thoughtlessly bursts in upon him! How skilfully he manages to throw into his voice an expression between a snarl and a lamentation, thereby completely crushing the unthinking intruder. He is not easily appeased, but keeps the remembrance of the event in his mind (and in other peoples' minds too) long after.

A luckless victim rarely forgets to shut the door after him more than once in a day. The fidget must always have some one with him in his sitting den.

People do not like either his company or his taste, but they are compelled to endure both, for he has the marvellous knack of getting his own way and domineering over his fellow beings. The plain fact is that people detest and fear his eternal whining snarl so much that they will do anything to keep him silent. Those who stay with him must wait upon him, of course. They must hand him his medicines (which do him more harm than good), his soothing drinks, and the *ectothes* wherein he seeks to console himself. They must pack him comfortably in that delightfully easy chair of his, in which he will allow no one to sit but himself. They must smile comfortingly, as he testily remarks upon their robust health and strength. They must appear to feel ashamed that they are so much better off in this respect than he is. They must not move, except when he tells them. They must on no account beat the "devil's tattoo," which would be evidence of weariness, and, therefore, an insult to him. Nor must they indicate in any way that they want to get out of his presence. That would be unkind. They should listen uncomplainingly to his bitterly sarcastic comments upon their dress and general appearance. He, himself, by-the-bye, is generally in *deshabille*. They should agree with him when he finds fault with the domestic arrangements of his house, and concede that he is, altogether, exceedingly badly treated.

The fidget is never contented with the way in which his dinner is cooked; at least, so certainly as each day comes, during some portion of his meal does he look "daggers" across the table at his wife and snarl, and then refuse to eat anything. The more he is exasperated with the former will become his refusal. If left to himself, and with no one to mortify by abstaining, the probability is that the old growler would, sooner or later, despatch what so much disgusts him. When he has nothing better to do he goes roaming about, moaning and com-

plaining at everything, correcting his children, "rowing" his domestics, and finding fault with his gardener. It is a remarkable thing that affairs go wrong with him more than with any one else.

The fidgety woman, though she resembles the fidgety man, is not like him in all respects. She is frequently ailing, but she is not so fond of wrapping herself up, nor is she so particular about "draughts." The fidgety man, by the way, can gravely discourse for an hour on the effects of draughts, and can discover them—well, everywhere, for he is continually discovering them. They are, indeed, among the terrors of his life. She, however, takes plenty of medicine. She is a large consumer of patent pills, patent plasters, and patent draughts—anything patent in the way of medicine is almost certain to ensure her support, for she never considers herself quite well. She is particularly unmerciful towards those who are afflicted with short memories, and forget to put anything they have used in the exact place they found it. To come in from the hunting-field or shooting and to forget to remove and wipe one's boots is a thing which is very apt to put her out. She strongly objects to see her carpets bespattered with mud. She has the most unpleasant faculty of believing that those over whom she has control can never do anything right unless she is standing by. Undoubtedly they never do anything exactly right then. She has a most unpleasant faculty of "nagging" at people to do things which she thinks they ought to do, but they do not. She will endeavour to persuade them to do something really desperate to abate evils which never exist, except in her own imagination. The best man living could never act exactly to her satisfaction. She is, of course, overburdened with troubles, and she must induce people to sympathise with her. She is, we presume, not aware that she is heartily laughed at behind her back.

Fidgets, if disagreeable, are, as a body, honest, well-meaning people at heart. They rarely indulge in downright quarrelling; they appear to know the exact limit to which they can carry their snarling and complaining. Neither are they unforgiving. Their fidgetiness is, perhaps, more the fault of circumstances than their own. As a rule, they have not sufficient to occupy their minds, having few to care for besides themselves. If a few serious troubles overtake them before their fidgetiness became chronic, the probability is they would never become confirmed fidgets. The mind must always have something to occupy it, and when people have nothing which it is absolutely necessary for them to think about they think about themselves—their ailments, surroundings, &c. We should be heartily glad, however, to see a determined attempt made to "put down" fidgets. It is not as if they made only themselves miserable; they are pests to society at large.

FACETIA.

ONE ought to have dents at one's fingers' ends, seeing they grow on the palm.

JUST NOW.—When should a man look for a jest in a meadow?—In the present month, when he is pretty sure to find 'em mowin' it—(a mōt in it).

A RESIDENT in Epsom writes to say he only hacked one horse in his life, and that was into a shop window.

MADE TO SELL.

Customer: "I say—this umbrella I bought here last week all is coming to pieces!"

Shopman: "Indeed, sir—You must have been taking it out and getting it wet, sir, I think."—*Fan.*

A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.

Aunt: "Candidly, don't you think you've had enough, Ethel?"

Ethel: "I may think so, aunty, but I don't feel so!"—*Punch.*

MY STARS!—An old bachelor recently gave the following toast:—"Woman—the morning star of infancy, the day star of manhood, the evening star of age. Bless our stars, and may they always be kept at telescopic distances."

UNFORTUNATE CHOICE.—If the comfort of the soldiers had been the main consideration with the War Office, the authorities there would certainly not have fixed on Berks as the best place for the September muster, but rather on Beds, or, perhaps, for self-evident commissariat reasons, Oxon.—*Punch.*

UNCOMMON TATURE.

Waiter to Cook: "George, gent in No. 3 says as his potatoes ain't good—says as they've all got black eyes in 'em."

George (real name Patrick): "Bedad, thin, it's no faint o' mine. Sure the spalpeens have been fightin' after I put 'em in the pot!"

RUSTIC WIT.—"Now, my boy," said one of the Education Board, trying his hand at a country school, "if I had a mince-pie, and should give three-twelfths of it to John, three-twelfths to Isaac,

two-twelfths to Harry, and should take half the pie myself, what would there be left? Speak up loud, so that all can hear!" "The plate!" shouted the boy.

FEMININE ECCENTRICITY.—Of eighty-three ladies who left a popular place of amusement one day lately only nine came out of the door looking in the direction they meant to pursue; the rest took half a dozen paces while they were looking the contrary way. A person paid to take notes so reported, and a heavy wager was won on it.

SCIENTIFIC DESCRIPTION.—The following is the interesting way in which the scientific pursuits of Lord Walsingham are spoken of in a California paper: "Lord Walsingham, an accomplished bug-hunter, is in California, making collection of insects and reptiles. He has already found a great number of nice little toadies."

FASHIONABLE QUALITIES.—A lover, who was told by his friends that he had engaged to marry a fool, said to them that the girl he had chosen had certainly some qualities to shine in a fashionable circle; she had plenty of apathy, was tolerably illiterate, was brilliantly vain and fertility capricious, acquiesced with every one, and diffused universal smiles.

THE GOLDEN AGE RESTORED.

Young Lady (Through Passenger, at West Riding Station): "What's a going on here to-day, porter? Has there been a fete?"

Porter (astonished): "Bless thee, lass! there's no feightin' noo-a-days; it's agin' la-aw!—Nobbut a flower-show!"—*Punch.*

A WAG-ON THE MOON.

Mother: "Ay, the moon's very beautiful, but 'tis on the wane already! We shall have a new one soon!"

Son: "Lor' now, do 'em cart away the old 'uns in a wain! Where do they shoot 'em?"

Father: "Up to Lonnon, lad!"—*Punch.*

DIALOGUE IN FLEET STREET.

Smith (looking up): "Hallo! what's that?" *Brown (looking up):* "Well—I don't quite know. Why—(suddenly)—it must be the sun." *Smith (incredulously):* "No—impossible. Yet—yes—so it is!!" *Aha! (excitedly)* Welcome, little stranger!"

[Dance, and exult with the good news.—*Punch.*

RATHER TOO THICK.—A good anecdote is told of a house-painter's son who used the brush dexterously, but had acquired the habit of putting it on too thick. One day his father, after having frequently scolded him for his lavish daubing, and all to no purpose, gave him a severe flogging. "There, you young rascal," he said, after performing his painful duty, "how do you like that?" "Well, I don't know," whined the boy, in reply; "but it seems to me that you put it on a thunderin' thick than I did."

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MS.—"It was the depth of winter, and a wild and stormy night. The sky was inky black, not a star could be seen, and the moon lay shrouded in masses of dense cloud. The wind roared, the rain poured, the forest groaned, the trees moaned, frost and snow were on the ground, and desolation reigned around. He had long found difficulties in his way, he had long been embarrassed, but at last he trembled, he hesitated, he stumbled, he could go no farther—he had come to a dead pause."—*Punch.*

MISTAKEN JEALOUSY.—A very amusing incident occurred at the corner of a certain well-known business street in London. A lady, about entering an omnibus, saw, as she supposed, her husband taking tender leave of another woman at the point in question. With a rather hasty judgment, she rapidly regained the street, and approached the lady, who, standing at the corner, was still looking after the gentleman, who had gone into a shop. "You seem to be very well acquainted with that gentleman," was her sudden and unexpected salutation. "Madam!" was the surprised rejoinder, accompanied by a look which clearly denoted her suspicions of the questioner's sanity. "I say you appear to be acquainted with that gentleman." "Well, yes—I think I ought to be." "How long have you known him?" "A number of years. He's my husband." "Indeed! He's mine, too." "What do you mean?" cried the lady, evidently greatly excited. "Just what I say. He's my husband!" The lady darted into the shop, and the next moment reappeared with the unfortunate Benedict. "William, this lady says you are her husband!" One glance, however, was sufficient; the lady saw her mistake, and, crying with vexation and shame, frankly confessed her error.

THE CHOLERA.—We are being very seriously warned by the Registrar-General that the cholera is steadily advancing towards us by an accustomed and well-marked track, and we are strongly urged

to set our houses in order by timely attention to the ordinary sanitary measures of cleanliness, ventilation, and, in the case of cholera more particularly, of pure water supply. When the cholera appeared in 1831-2 it spread consternation throughout the land because we did not know how to deal with it; we did not quite know whether it was not a special judgment for the Lords having thrown out the Reform Bill; but now we understand its nature, and we know that its ravages, if we cannot entirely avert them, may at least be confined within moderate limits by ordinary attention to the rules of health.

THE OBSERVATORY OF VESUVIUS.—The observatory of Vesuvius, according to the Italian paper, is seriously menaced by the invasion of lava, which has already in part submerged the hill of the Cantoroni, on which stands that important scientific establishment, which cost the University of Naples more than 300,000. The eruption has latterly increased in violence, so that there will be a necessity for the immediate erection of a dyke of scoria, as already recommended, so as to divert the torrent Atrio dei Cavalli. The illustrious naturalist Palmieri has made an energetic appeal to his countrymen to affect that object.

AT THE OLD GARDEN GATE.

'Mid our childhood's fun and frolic,
While the air with laughter rung,
Chubby forms of lads and lasses
In the old gate's arms have swung;
And the world seemed bright and glowing,
For no petty cares had we,
To fro and fro gently going,
Swinging on right merrily.
What cared we for toil or sorrow?
Our young hearts, with hope elate,
Took no thought of sad to-morrow,
While we swung upon the gate.
Joy and Love, not Fear and Hate,
Swung upon that garden gate.

And amid youth's merry gambols,
Speeding swift life's summer days,
When the moment came for parting
From the mates who shared our plays,
And the last "good-bye" was spoken,
As their footsteps homeward turned,
How our hearts seemed almost broken,
And our souls within us yearned
For the promised future meeting.
Childish haste could scarce await,
While we watched those steps retreating,
Lingering sadly at the gate!
Ah, how stern was cruel fate,
Watching, waiting at the gate!

Time, the merry rogue, plays havoc
With the plans of girls and boys;
Robes in sober gray their fancies,
Doubles grief and lessens joys.
Bella of Hope, with bliss sonorous,
Gaily chime at "sweet sixteen,"
Yet we dream not what's before us
Till the years have rolled between
Johnny, starting on Life's journey,
Leaves Jane weeping at the gate.
Jane soon weda a rich attorney;
Johnny's wife was christened Kate.
Little dreamed they of their fate,
Parting at the garden gate! N. U.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

BURNING CHIMNEYS.—If it be desired to extinguish the fire in a chimney which has been lighted by a fire in the fire-place, shut all the doors of the apartment so as to prevent any current of air up the chimney, and throw a few handfuls of common salt upon the fire, which will immediately extinguish the same. The philosophy of this is that, in the process of burning the salt, muriatic acid gas is evolved, which is a prompt extinguisher of fire.

PREVENTIVE TREATMENT OF LEAD-POISONING.—M. Péligot, director of one of the principal glass manufactures in France, noticed some time ago that two of his workmen, who were in the habit of drinking a quantity of milk daily, were quite free from symptoms of lead-poisoning, from which the other persons employed suffered extensively. He consequently caused each of his workpeople to bring to the manufactory a quart of milk daily; and, from the time when this mode of diet was commenced, there has not been a single case of lead-colic. Dr. Méhu recommends, as a means of removing the fine lead-particles from the skin, the use of baths of hydrochlorate of soda. A solution is prepared by mixing 400 grammes (about 13 ounces) of dry chloride of lime, 800 grammes of crystallised carbonate of soda, and 10 litres of water. This is sufficient for a bath of 44 gallons. The person remains

in the bath about half an hour, and rubs with his hand or with a brush the parts where the lead has been deposited.

STATISTICS.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT IN THE NAVY.—In the three years 1837, 1838, and 1839, corporal punishment was ordered to be inflicted on 233 seamen, 66 marines, and four boys; but the punishment was remitted in the case of three seamen and one marine. The great majority of the orders were given by the captain or other officer commanding; 30 were by court-martial, and the rest summary. The offences of the men were as follows:—Theft, 45; insubordination, 200; disgraceful conduct, 9; desertion, 28; drunkenness or smuggling liquor, 20; fighting, 2. Of the 274 men sentenced summarily, 25 were in ships whose complement was 25 to 60, 38 in ships of 60 to 120, 84 in ships of 120 to 250, 127 in ships of 250 to 850. The court-martial punishments comprise one in a ship of the class between 60 and 120 complement, seven in ships of 120 to 250, 22 in ships of 250 to 850.

COUNTY COURT JUDGES.—A Parliamentary return shows the number of days in 1839 and 1870 on which County Court judges held their sittings by deputy. Three of the judges sat by deputy, respectively, on 52, 70, and 99 days in the two years, but all three have now died or retired. Of the other judges Mr. Sergeant Peterendorff was obliged by illness to sit by deputy on 94 days in the course of the two years. Mr. J. Pitt Taylor sat by deputy on 25 days, but on 78 occasions he was absent in order to attend the Judicature Commission. Mr. W. Raines sat by deputy on 77 days; Mr. C. J. Gale on 67 days; Sir J. E. E. Wilmet on 64, "under medical advice, from ill health, owing to overwork;" Sir W. B. Riddell on 50, "by leave of the Lord Chancellor;" Mr. F. Dinsdale on 39 days; Mr. W. H. Cooke on 34, Mr. J. K. Blair on 34, Mr. H. J. Stoner on 28, Mr. J. G. Teed on 24 days. Mr. J. Dassett sat by deputy on 51 days, but on 26 occasions he was attending the Lord Chancellor's committee. Several judges were absent for a few days, exceeding 20 in the two years. Twenty judges did not sit by deputy at all.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GREAT TUNNEL UNDER MONT Cenis.—It is expected to be opened on the 5th of September.

MAJOR BROUHAM.—son of Lord Brougham, is about to emigrate to Virginia, U.S., as a cattle breeder.

SOLAR ECLIPSE.—Mr. J. B. Hind writes that the next total solar eclipse which will be visible in England will not occur until the 11th of August, 1899.

CURE FOR CANCER.—It was recently discovered that the Candurango plant was a cure for cancer. Now it is claimed that red clover tea is also a perfect cure.

SNIDERS FOR INDIA.—A large supply of Snider rifles has been sent out to India, but it is said that the long-looked-for weapons were accompanied by the wrong ammunition, and were, of course, useless.

FRERNCH REAL ESTATE.—It has been stated that the French real estate was never so prosperous as at the present time, and that property which twenty years ago was worth 1,500 francs a year is now worth 2,500 francs.

AUSTRIAN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—An Imperial Austrian proclamation appoints Baron Schwarz chairman of the proposed International Exhibition to be opened on May 1st, 1873, at Vienna. The exhibition is to be modelled on those of London and Paris.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S ELEPHANT.—The Duke of Edinburgh, who is now on a visit to Her Majesty at Osborne, has telegraphed to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland his wish to present the elephant which he brought to England in the Galatea to the Zoological Society of Dublin.

THE STORY OF WILLIAM TELL.—It has just been discovered that the story of William Tell and the apple was circumstantially told in an ancient Persian manuscript just discovered in the library at Breslau. The authenticity of the Swiss Tell has been doubted. It is clear he is a "story Tell-er."

TRIAL TRIP OF THE "SPAIN."—The magnificent new screw steamer "Spain," just completed by Messrs. Laird Brothers, of the Birkenhead Iron Works, for the National Steamship Company's service between Liverpool and New York, has made a most successful trial trip to the Clyde and back.

THREE ENGLISH TOURISTS.—Mr. and Miss Walker, and Mr. Gardiner—succeeded in making the ascent of the Matterhorn on the 22nd ultimo. Miss Walker is the first of her sex who has had the courage to grapple with the great difficulties experienced in reaching the summit of this mountain, which is 13,850 feet high.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. ROAD.—The letter has been received, and its request shall have due consideration.

J. R. L. T.—1. The colour is light brown. 2. Handwriting rather too cramped, but the letters are well formed.

J. C. E.—By regular living and taking as much exercise in the open air as you can get.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER (Galway).—The numbers required for can be had, but being of an old date they will cost you sixpence for the two post free.

D. and L.—The adjective "lofty" refers to the mountains of the country, and not to the country itself. It must therefore immediately precede the word mountains.

SAMUEL H. H.—If you will send us the sonnet, and the critique which was written about it, together with some explanation of your difficulty, we will endeavour to make our views more intelligible to you.

SCHOOLBOY.—The ancient Roman name of the month of August was Sextillis, the sixth from March, till the Emperor Augustus changed the name to his own, because in this month Caesar Augustus took possession of his first consulate, reduced Egypt, and put an end to civil war.

MINNIE J.—We are afraid your wish is unattainable. Possibly your natural figure is such that no artificial method would produce the change you desire. There is no process by which the stamp impressed by nature upon the material form can be eradicated; and if you were not born with what is termed a small waist, it will be about as difficult for you to transmute that which you possess as it would be to scrub a blackamoer white. At all events, tight-lacing cannot be recommended.

J. V. E.—The Jews divide the Old Testament into three parts: 1, The Law, which comprehends the five books of Moses; 2, The Prophets; and 3, The Writings, termed by them Cetubim and by the Greeks Hagiographa, whence the word has been introduced into the English language. The Cetubim comprehended the books of Psalms, Proverbs, Job, Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah, Chronicles, Ruth, Lamentations, Ecclesiastes, and Esther. The Hagiographa were distinguished from the prophecies because the matter contained in them was not received by the way of prophecy, but simply by the direction of the spirit.

R. M.—A confusion of ideas prevails amongst many persons respecting Harmony and Melody, the two terms being frequently confounded. Melody is the agreeable effect of different musical sounds, ranged or disposed in a proper succession. It consists of only one single part, voice, or instrument, by which it is distinguished from Harmony. Harmony is properly the agreeable result of the union of two or more concordant musical sounds heard in consonance, that is at one and the same time, so that Harmony is the effect of two parts at least: as therefore a continued succession of musical sounds produces Melody, so does a continued combination of these produce Harmony.

NELLIE.—1. A will must be signed at the end thereof by the testator, or some other person in his presence and by his direction; and the signature must be made or acknowledged before the testator in the presence of two or more witnesses present at the same time, such witnesses attesting and subscribing the will in his presence. Common sense dictates that ordinarily competent witnesses of full age should be chosen. No one would think of inviting a lunatic to witness a will. The question of sex is immaterial. The Act provides, however, that any bequests or gifts or appointment to an attesting witness, or to the husband or wife of an attesting witness, shall be void, through the evidence of a witness who is also a legatee is admissible; and the Act also declares that a will shall not be invalid merely on account of the incompetency of any attesting witness. 2. All accepted contributions are paid for.

OBSERVER.—Mathematics—the science which contemplates whatever is capable of being numbered or measured—is commonly distinguished into Speculative and Practical, Pure and Mixed. Speculative Mathematics simply considers the properties of things, and Practical Mathematics applies the knowledge of those properties to some uses in life. Pure Mathematics is that branch which considers quantity abstractedly and without any relation to matter or bodies, as arithmetic and geometry. Mixed Mathematics considers quantity as subsisting in material being; for instance, length in a pole, depth in a river, height in a tower, etc. Pure Mathematics, again, considers quantity either abstract (and so computable, as arithmetic) or as concrete (and so measurable, as geometry). Mixed Mathematics is very extensive, and is distinguished by various names, according to the diffe-

rent subjects it considers and the different views in which it is taken, such as astronomy, geography, optics, hydrostatics, navigation, etc.

COMMON SENSE.—The statement was perfectly correct. During a long series of years a substance was eagerly sought for which was to convert lead, mercury, and other metals into gold, which unknown substance was termed the Philosopher's Stone. King Henry VI. granted letters patent to certain persons who undertook to find the Philosopher's Stone, and these letters were to free them from the penalties of a former statute made against attempts of a like nature. It appears that many of those persons who made the Philosopher's Stone an object of their search were well skilled in sleight of hand, and hence often performed tricks which could not fail to impose upon the great body of those who witnessed them, and in this way must Henry VI. and other sovereigns who granted similar protections, have been imposed upon. In the present day it would be a waste of time to enter into any minute detection of such impositions or absurd pretensions. We now know with tolerable decisiveness that every distinct metal is a simple substance, as different from every other metal as fire is from frost, and that a crystal may as soon be converted into a seed as lead into mercury or mercury into gold. In a work published some years since, speaking of Commerce, the author says:—"This is the true Philosopher's Stone, so much sought after in former times, the discovery of which has been reserved for genius when studying to improve the mechanic arts. Hence a pound of raw material is converted into stuffs of fifty times its original value; and the metals too are not converted into gold—they are more, for the labour of man has been able to work the base metal, by the ingenuity of art, so as to become worth more than many times its weight in gold."

FORGET ME NOT.

Two women met in the busy street;
Alas! they were young and fair;

One made the blooms for a great modiste;

One wore them in dress and hair.

My Lady Blanche, with her haughty step,
Drew closer as Bertha passed;

The flower-girl gathered her dress aside,

As she would from a burning blast.

Across the gold of my lady's hair

There blossomed a coronet

Of forget-me-nots, which a dainty hand

Had fashioned, with dim eyes wet.

Stifled and hungry, and cold and poor,

One woman the fair work wrought;

Graceful and easy, and gaily clad,

One woman the fair work bought.

So Bertha, sitting again to work,

Said, bitterly, "Lord, is it fair?"

Then, glancing up at the friendly sky,

Said over a patient prayer.

For Bertha, up in the crowded room,

Saw always this streak of sky;

And matching it so with her pretty work,

Grew happier by-and-bye.

And said at last, in her own sweet way,

"Lady Blanche has no brighter spot

Of the sky, I know; for it seems to say,

"My child, I forgot thee not."

dent must be medium height, loving, good tempered, domesticated, and good singers; young ladies in the Postal Telegraph Service, with a little money, preferred.

WILLIAM J., eighteen, dark wavy hair, slight moustache, and not bad looking, 5ft. 6in., a clerk in the City, whose expectations are very fair. A fair-haired, loveable girl of seventeen would be preferred by "W. J."

TOZ, eighteen, tall, light blue eyes, fair complexion, light hair, good temper, loving disposition, and would like to marry a gentleman about twenty, who must be dark, good looking, very loving, and fond of home.

ONYX, twenty, medium height, dark eyes, brown hair, good temper, loving disposition, and would make a good wife: wishes to marry a gentleman about two-and-twenty, fond of home; a clerk preferred.

MARY ANN, short and rather stout, twenty, a domestic servant who has been for five years and is still in the service of a good family. Respondent must be a respectable mechanic, earning fair wages, and a steady and sober man.

CALCEDONIA, nineteen, fair and good tempered, a tradesman's daughter, of good education and domesticated, and amiable. A young man about twenty-one, rather dark, with a moustache—if he is gentlemanly, steady, and cheerful—would be welcomed by "Calcedonia."

BEATRICE, pretty, and has a genteel figure, with brown eyes and very long hair of the same colour, a clear complexion, 5ft. 2in., and just twenty-one. The gentleman would be preferred who is tall, dark, good looking, well educated, in a respectable position, and above all, one who could and would dearly love his "Beatrice."

JANE, twenty-seven, medium height, dark, good tempered, has been in service the last ten years, and has plenty of clothes and a few pounds in money; would like to marry a tall, dark young man, about thirty, a respectable mechanic, steady, of a loving nature, and a saving young man.

A LONELY ONE INDEED by—"R. O. B.," a widower with two children under ten years of age, and is in the Manchester trade on his own account; and—"A Gentleman" intelligent, well educated, of refined tastes, a bachelor in a very lonely position, fond of home, of studious and sober habits, and has been many years in the Civil Service.

RALPH and EDMUND, two brothers, both mechanics in good and permanent situations, desire to meet with two domesticated young women, who would make good working-men's wives. "Ralph" is four-and-twenty, and "Edmund" two-and-twenty. Both are tall, steady, and industrious. Respondents preferred who are a little younger than Ralph and Edmund respectively.

FRIEDRICK, a German, of medium height, with fair hair and moustache, in a good situation as corresponding clerk, would be happy to meet with an amiable and accomplished English lady of about twenty or twenty-one years of age. "Friedrict" is nearly twenty-eight, and has been for several years in England. He is a lover of music and would select a lady whose taste in that respect is similar to his own.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

BIBLO is responded to by—"T. A. B.," twenty-eight, medium height, dark, loving, and fond of home.

T. B. JACK by—"A. B. V.," nineteen, tall, dark, loving, accomplished, and fond of home.

FRANK by—"Julia," who has a small income, is pretty, and loving.

LOTTY by—"Resolute," twenty-six, tall, dark, steady, and fond of home comforts.

LILIAN by—"Harry," whose perseverance has won for himself an excellent position in life, which he would gladly share with "Lilian."

BRITISH FLAG by—"Royal Blue," eighteen, tall, dark hair and eyes, good tempered, fond of music, domesticated, of an affectionate disposition, and would make her husband a happy home.

NANCY by—"R. J. S.," a widower of middle age with a small family, 5ft. 5in., dark complexion, steady, has constant employment in the building trade, and is going into shop-keeping when he can find a kind mother for his children and a loving wife for himself.

LAUGHING MAGGIE writes for the *carte de visite* of "Horace V."

ROBERT would very much like the *carte de visite* of "Bessie."

ARTHUR.—Other personal particulars in addition to your age are required.

HONORA must send a description of her personal appearance.

DEFECTIVE COMMUNICATIONS.—The following are not inserted on account of their indefiniteness: "M. J. L.," "E. B.," "M. H. C.," "J. B.," "E. A. A.," "May Jane H.," and "Mare."

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